The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

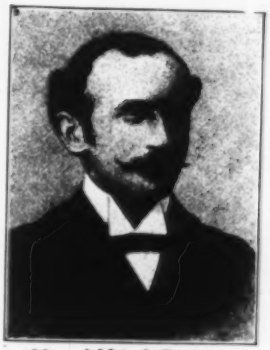
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers in this special Disraeli Number of The Bookman an interesting collection of pictures covering the whole period of that remarkable career, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Brimley Johnson for pictures from his editions of "Sybil" and "Vivian Grey," and to the De La More Press for permission to reproduce the portrait of Sara Austen from the Centenary Edition of Lord Beaconsfield's Earlier Novels.

The Marchesa Vitelleschi, the writer of a book "The Romance of Savoy," which is announced for publication by Messrs. Hutchinson, is a daughter of the late Lord Lamington and sister of the present Peer. Since her marriage to the Marquis Vitelleschi, a member of the Italian Senate, she has given much time to historical research, and is the author of a work on the exiled Stuarts. In her new book she tells the history of Anna Maria D'Orleans (the granddaughter of our Charles I., and Queen Henrietta Maria), who afterwards became the wife of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy. Many illustrations in the volume have been reproduced with the official permission of the King and Queen of Italy.

Messrs. Treherne and Co. are to publish "An Instinctive Criminal," a novel by the Hon. Gilbert J. D. Coleridge, youngest son of the late Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Coleridge, who is Assistant Master of the Crown Office, collaborated with the Hon. Mrs. Coleridge in the historical romance, "Jan Van Elselo."



Mr. Alfred Sutro.
The successful dramatist and translator of Maeterlinck.
Photo Barraud.

Messrs. T. and A. Constable have printed in a handsome quarto volume the "Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman," being the Reminiscences of Evander Maciver, of Scourie, edited by the Rev. George Henderson, M.A. (Edin.), B.Litt. (Oxon), Ph.D. (Vienna), Sch. Hon. Coll. Jesu, Oxon, minister of the Parish of Edderachilles, Sutherland. The work will not be published in the usual way, but copies, we understand, can be had on application to the editor, at a price of one guinea. Mr. Maciver was factor on the Duke of Sutherland's Scourie estates, and died in 1903 at the advanced age of ninety-two.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, whose monograph on Thomas Moore has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan in their English Men of Letters series, and who for some years has lived a strenuous literary life in London, will for the future reside in Ireland. Mr. Gwynn has done much work for *The Spectator*, *Blackwood* and other Magazines, and is the author of a book of verse, two novels, and volumes on such diverse subjects as "Tennyson, A Critical Study," "Highways and By-ways in Donegal and Antrim," and "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland"; but his interests are not confined to literature.

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is to write the preface for a volume on East Africa and Uganda by Mr. Cathcart

Photo, Russell. **Mr. Edward Noble.**
Author of "The Edge of Circumstance."

Wason, M.P., which will be issued shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths, Maiden Lane, Strand. The work will be illustrated from photographs by Mr. Borup of the Church Mission Society, Uganda, Mr. Cunnington of Uganda, and Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart Wason.

Sir Robert Hamilton Lang, K.C.M.G., late Director-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and formerly British Consul for Cyprus, has written his Reminiscences of Archæological Research in Cyprus. They will be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Sir Robert Lang is brother to Principal Lang, of Aberdeen University, and uncle of the Bishop of Stepney. He is also the author of "Cyprus: its History, Present Resources, and Future Prospects," published by Macmillan in 1878.

Mr. Hector Macpherson, whose "Books to Read and How to Read Them" has had a well merited success, will follow up that volume with another on lines designed to meet the requirements of those whose reading is necessarily of a more general and desultory character.

The Letters written from India during the Mutiny and Waziri campaigns by Colonel John Chalmers, a nephew of Dr. Chalmers, the Scottish divine and church leader, have been printed for private circulation, with a biographical sketch by his cousin, Isabel Grace Chalmers. At the assault on Delhi, Colonel Chalmers, then Adjutant of the 24th Punjaub Infantry, commanded the ladder party with General Nicholson's column.

Whether a result or not of the Cervantes centenary, it is a fact that this year has already seen the production of an abnormally large number of books descriptive of Spain. Yet another is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Hutchinson, "Letters from Catalonia," by Roland Thirlmere. The author has travelled extensively in Spain, and is the author of "Idylls of Spain." The work, which will be in two handsome volumes, has been profusely illustrated with more than a hundred coloured and other plates from original drawings by Seymour Lucas, R.A., Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and many other artists, including the Spanish painter, José Xiró. Text and pictures combine to make a delightful book of travel through a region which to English readers is practically unknown ground.

Mrs. Comyns Carr's new novel, "John Fletcher's Madonna: A Tale of Two Nationalities," will be issued immediately by Messrs. Constable.

"A Hymn to Dionysus and Other Poems," is the title of a new volume of poems by Lady Margaret Sackville, which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish soon.

Miss Agnes Giberne's new novel, "Pride o' the Morning," will be published in the beginning of the month by Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co.

It is curious how often a work which is acclaimed by the critics and taken up by the public has failed to find a publisher until after many days. There are numerous classical examples, and a modern instance is to be found in "The Edge of Circumstance," a novel which has made a name for its author, Mr. Edward Noble, and which, we have his authority for saying, was declined by no less than sixteen publishing houses before it travelled North to Edinburgh, and found acceptance with Messrs. Blackwood. The author himself submitted the MS., then entitled "The Schweinigel," to several publishers, and subsequently employed a literary agent, who failed to place it. Mr. Coulson Kernahan, also a believer in the novel, gave Mr. Noble much encouragement at this time, and endeavoured to find a publisher for his work, but without success.

"The Edge of Circumstance" was written in 1900, and since then Mr. Noble has written other two novels which, as mentioned in another place, will shortly see the light. He is conversant with his theme, having gained his knowledge during sixteen years of haphazard existence, roving in search of the unattainable—the glamour of the seas—in sailing ship, tramp, and mail steamer. Afterwards he came into touch with shipping circles and companies and engineering. "The unexpected has happened," and after a dreary round of disappointment Mr. Noble is to-day basking in the

sunshine of appreciation, grateful alike to his publishers and his unknown friends the reviewers.

Mr. Edward Noble has completed a new novel which is yet nameless. Like "The Edge of Circumstance" it is a tale of the sea, but unlike that story has a woman in it. This new work will probably not be published before the Autumn, as another novel by Mr. Edward Noble, the publication of which was arranged for before the appearance of "The Edge of Circumstance," will be brought out shortly by Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co.

A work of a novel and fascinating interest will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is called "The Trial of Jesus," and is from the Italian of Giovanni Rosadi, one of the most distinguished of Italian jurists and parliamentary leaders. The work is at present the most widely-read book in Italy. It leaves dogmatic and purely theological points alone, and brings to the history of the trial a unique knowledge of the law and the social customs of the time. The English version has been edited by Dr. Emil Reich, author of "Success Among Nations."

A volume of "Critical Essays and Fragments," by the late Mr. Sandford Arthur Strong, librarian of the House of Lords, will be published by Messrs. Duckworth. The volume will contain a memorial introduction by Lord Balcarres, whose monograph on "Donatello" was issued some time ago by the same firm.

Messrs. Hutchinson have secured for spring publication an exceptionally interesting list of novels. Among the writers are Lucas Malet, Stanley Weyman, Jerome K. Jerome, and Katherine Cecil Thurston.

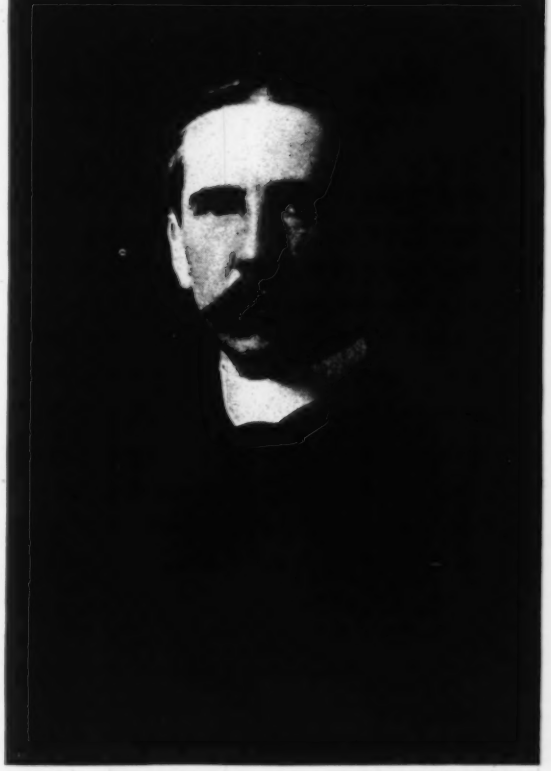
Prince Kropotkin, who is only now recovering from his recent severe illness at Bromley, Kent, has a new volume of essays in the press, "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature." It will be published by Messrs. Duckworth.

A story of Russian life and intrigue of exceptiona interest is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is entitled "The White Terror," and is by A. Cahan, the author of "Yekl," and other sketches. Mr. Cahan's remarkable career enables him to picture the "underground revolutionary movement" with unequalled authority. A native of Wilna, Russia, he was while yet a student a member of the local revolutionary circle then actively taking its part in the series of plots that culminated in the assassination of Alexander II. Shortly after that event, Mr. Cahan was subject to a "domiciliary visit," and was put under surveillance, but by a daring escape he avoided the penalty of Siberia "by administrative process." Mr. Cahan settled in New York, where he has long been engaged in literary work, but not to the exclusion of a continued close interest in the "underground movement." In "The White Terror" we have marvellously faithful pictures of the Russian official, the political dreamer, the moujik, the soldier, the Jew.

Mr. Tom Gallon's new novel goes by the name of "Aunt Phipps." The book, the leading character of which is a sort of female "Tatterley," is to be published at once by Messrs. Hutchinson.

All who relish sea-literature and humour will hear with pleasure that next month Mr. Eveleigh Nash is to publish a new volume of short stories by the author of that best of yarns, "The Promotion of the Admiral." As is well known, the background of Mr. Morley Roberts' stories owes its accurate and vivid colouring to his varied experiences before the mast and in the Australian bush. The new volume is entitled "Captain Balaam of the Cormorant, and Other Sea Comedies."

Mr. John Lane has just issued a novel by a new writer, Mr. Frederick Blount Mott. Mr. Mott has had access to recently discovered MSS. of the famous John Brown, prophet and martyr in the war against slavery. Mr. Mott has also studied the actual scenes of Brown's heroic conflict in Kansas, Missouri, and Virginia, and out of his first-hand knowledge the present story, entitled "Before the Crisis," is woven. The book is concerned with the period immediately preceding that of Mr. Churchill's novel, "The Crisis." Mr. Mott



Mr. F. B. Mott.
Author of "Before the Crisis."

is now engaged in arranging for the stage production of his stirring romance, having received offers from a flattering source immediately upon the appearance of his book.

"Iota" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn) has completed a new novel, which we understand is the most ambitious work she has yet produced. It is entitled "Patricia: A Mother." The interest of the book centres round the fierce rivalry of Patricia, a young Australian widow of Irish extraction, and her mother-in-law, for the affection and control of her boy. The story, which is

From a Photograph by G. Bradshaw, 1886. **Coventry Patmore.**
(From "The Literary Lives Series

laid in England, will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Longmans announce a work that should prove of exceptional interest and contain much that is valuable and piquant regarding the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The "Letters to 'Ivy' from the first Earl of Dudley" were long supposed to be lost, but happily they have survived to be edited by Mr. Samuel H. Romilly. The "Ivy" with whom the Hon. John William Ward corresponded between 1801 and 1832 was the wife of Dugald Stewart, the eminent Edinburgh metaphysician.

Lord Dudley, who was noted for his scholarship and wit, as well as for his eccentricities, served as Foreign Secretary under Canning and the Duke of Wellington. He was intimate with all the celebrities of his time, literary as well as political, and he records his impressions and opinions in letters of great vivacity and intimacy. Rogers, Byron, Canning, Wellington, Mme. de Stael are among the number of those of whom we have characteristic stories and pungent criticisms.

Madame Longard de Longgarde's new novel, "The Three Essentials," will be a society story with a "purpose." It will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

In "Hearts of Wales" Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe) has written a strong historical novel, dealing with the period of Wales' last struggle for independence. The story has a picturesque setting, and into it are woven many charming old Welsh traditions.

We understand that "The Clairvoyante," which Messrs. Hutchinson will issue this spring, is the last completed work of the late Mr. B. L. Farjeon. The novel, as its name indicates, is concerned mainly with the results of hypnotic suggestion. Part of the scene is laid in a convict prison, where the doctor struggles to counteract the influence of a husband who had driven his wife to crime.

"Letters to a Débutante," by Lady Jephson, will be published immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Mr. Andrew Lang's forthcoming volume of critical essays will be eagerly welcomed. Since his excellent monograph on "Tennyson," which achieved the unprecedented honour of a sixpenny edition, Mr. Lang has been engaged chiefly on his History of Scotland, a work which has grown in his hands, but the end of which is at last in sight. The new volume, which Messrs. Longmans are to publish at once under the title of "Adventures Among Books," may no doubt be regarded as the *parerga* with which Mr. Lang solaced himself in the midst of his historical labours. The contents of the volume are varied and enticing. They range from Smollett to William Morris. Special interest will attach to the author's personal reminiscences of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of R. L. Stevenson.

"John Chilcote, M.P.," under its Transatlantic name, "The Masqueraders," has, we understand, proved one of the great successes of the year in America. In recent years no novelist has captured fame more quickly than Mrs. Cecil Thurston. Her first book, "The Circle," was an immediate triumph. Of her second, "John Chilcote, M.P.," it is not easy to summarise the success. The most striking tribute to its various powers of appeal is evidenced by the remarkable fact that it ran as a serial both in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in the *Daily Mail*. This is a conjunction quite unprecedented. To add to the wonderful story of this novel, it is to be noted that a London

editor has been requisitioned by Mr. George Alexander to enable him to put it on the stage. We may add that Mr. Temple Thurston, who is responsible for the dramatisation of his wife's clever story, has achieved the honour of a fourth edition with his first novel, "The Apple of Eden." Messrs. Hutchinson, we believe, will shortly publish another novel by Mrs. Cecil Thurston called "The Gamblers."

Mr. S. R. Crockett has completed a new novel, entitled "Peden the Prophet," which will begin its serial appearance immediately in the *British Weekly*.

Mr. W. H. Helm, who for fifteen years has held the position of literary editor of the *Morning Post*, will publish immediately through Mr. Eveleigh Nash a critical monograph on Balzac.

We understand that "O," the author of "The Yellow War," the brilliant papers which have been appearing in *Blackwood*, is another *nom de guerre* of "Intelligence Officer," who wrote "On the Heels of De Wet."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

January 20th to February 20th, 1905.

The trade transactions of the past month have been of a uniformly quiet nature. In several instances, however, a well-sustained demand has succeeded in raising business somewhat above actual dulness.

The issue of 6s. novels has in number somewhat fallen off, nevertheless a number of already popular issues have continued to prove very effective lines, and among those which have been most freely in request are "An Act in a Backwater," "The Garden of Allah," "The Prospector," "The Gate of the Desert," "Old Gorgon Graham," "Little Wife Hester," "The Apple of Eden," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

It is evident that the correspondence which lately passed through the columns of a daily contemporary on the subject of "Do We Believe?" has taken a firm grip upon the mind of the public, for the collected record which has been placed in volume form upon the market has from its sales offered additional evidence of the vitality of the interest displayed therein.

Much anticipation had centred in the publication of the record of "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava," by Sir Alfred Lyall, and upon its appearance a ready sale resulted. A continued demand has also been experienced for the lives of Bishop Creighton and Hugh Price Hughes. "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, "Sydney Smith," the latest volume in the E.M.L. Series, and Gipsy Smith's "Mission of Peace," have been much in request.

Several works upon the present campaign in the Far East have had successful sales, amongst which have been a volume of collected papers which have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled "The Yellow War," by "O.," a "Secret Agent in Port Arthur," and an account of "Three Months with the Besiegers," from the pen of Frederic Villiers.

Carl Joubert's recent work, "The Truth About the Tsar," at once attracted many purchasers, and has caused a renewed demand for his former volume, entitled "Russia as it Really is." Another work deserving of special mention is "The Downfall of Russia," by Hugo Ganz.

In connection with the Tibetan mission, "The Unveiling of Lhasa," by E. Candler, has maintained its success, whilst much interest has also been evinced in the recent volume on Lhasa by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Perceval Landon.

Another of the most important lines of the month has been "The Other Side of the Lantern," by Sir Frederick Treves; the favourable journalistic notices have doubtless materially helped forward the sales, which soon exhausted the earlier editions.

The present Torrey-Alexander mission has given rise to an increased demand for several works of the former, whilst the Hymnal of the latter has sold very largely.

"The Country Day by Day," by E. K. Robinson, and Mrs. Maybrick's "My Lost Fifteen Years," have also been prominent items.

School literature has, in the form of various Geographies, Histories, and Grammars, taken a leading place during the earlier portion of the time, but is now rapidly declining.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Gate of the Desert. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Little Wife Hester. By L. T. Meade. (John Long.)
The Apple of Eden. By E. T. Thurston. (Chapman and Hall.)
Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Old Gorgon Graham. By G. H. Lorimer. (Heinemann.)
The System. By Percy White. (Methuen.)
The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Secret Woman. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
The Golden Bowl. By Henry James. (Methuen.)

In Spite of the Czar. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (John Long.)
The Religion of Evelyn Hastings. By Victoria Cross. 5s. (W. Scott.)
Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. By Sir A. Lyall. 2 vols. 36s. net. (J. Murray.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves. 12s. net. (Cassell.)
The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
A Secret Agent in Port Arthur. By W. Greener. 6s. (Constable.)
Port Arthur. By Frederic Villiers. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
The Truth about the Tsar. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Russia as it Really is. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The Downfall of Russia. By Hugo Ganz. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Unveiling of Lhasa. By E. Candler. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Lhasa. By Perceval Landon. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Do We Believe? 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Country Day by Day. By E. K. Robinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Yellow War. By "O." 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Hugh Price Hughes, Life. By his Daughter. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Sydney Smith. By G. W. E. Russell. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
A Mission of Peace. By Gipsy Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (T. Law.)

My Lost Fifteen Years. By Mrs. Maybrick. 6s. (Funk and Wagnalls.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending—
Jan. 21—Quiet in all departments.
,, 28—Home trade quiet. Export brisker.
Feb. 4—A slight improvement.
,, 11—A steadier demand in the home trade.
,, 18—Increased demand sustained.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1905.

Booksellers always count this time as one of the quietest of the year, save for the interest excited in the lists of forthcoming works to be issued by the leading publishing firms.

The usual celebrations in connection with the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns stimulated the sale of the "Bank" edition of his poems, and a complete collection of Robert Fergusson's works, the forerunner of the national bard, proved that interest was shown in the subject of early Scottish poetry.

Several important biographical works obtained ready purchasers, notably the Marquis of Dufferin's Life, by Sir A. Lyall; the various volumes in the popular edition of Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers," and for Mr. Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin." Although no war book can be said to have been popular, yet any volume informative of life in Russia, and descriptive of Russian society, had a ready sale. Of these the most successful were "The Truth about the Tsar," by Carl Joubert, and Colonel Wellesley's Recollections, published under the title of "With the Russians in Peace and War."

Through Church Guilds and similar organisations demands were made for various editions of the "Life of John Knox," so that young people might be interested in the quatercentenary celebrations to be held shortly.

In connection with the Union of the Churches an account of the Convocation of the United Free Church held in Edinburgh last November was published by Messrs. Macniven and Wallace. There was a revived sale for the sixpenny editions of popular works, and from the intimations received of new volumes in this form this department of business promises to bulk as largely as ever this year.

Of the six shilling novels the following were those most prominent in orders received:—

"The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts; "The System," by Percy White; "Lord Eversleigh's Sins," by Violet Tweedale; "Lady Penelope," by Morley Roberts; "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor; "The Mystery of the Moat," by A. Sergeant; "An Act in a Backwater," by E. F. Benson; "The Mask," by W. Le Queux; "Confessions of a Young Lady," by Richard Marsh; and the "Gate of the Desert," by J. Oxenham.

Magazine sales showed a distinct tendency to improve, and the remarkable success of the first number of the *Grand* came as a pleasant surprise.

The following is our list of best selling books of the month:—

Miscellaneous.

The Truth About the Tsar. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
With the Russians in Peace and War. By Col. Wellesley. 12s. 6d. (Nash.)
In Spite of the Czar. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Long.)
Burns' Poetical Works. Bank Edition. 1s. 6d. net. (Sands.)
Fergusson's Poems. 5s. net. (Gardner.)
Smiles' Lives of the Engineers. 5 vols. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Do We Believe? 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The United Free Church Convocation. 1s. net. (Macniven.)
Quiet Talks on Prayer, and Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net each. (Revell.)
Bowerman's Song Folios. 1s. net.
Methuen's Shilling Novels.
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)

Six Shilling Novels.

The Secret Woman. By E. Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
The System. By Percy White. (Methuen.)
Olive Kinsella. By Curtis Yorke. (John Long.)
The Edge of Circumstance. By E. Noble. (Blackwood.)
Lady Penelope. By Morley Roberts. (White.)
The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
Lord Eversleigh's Sins. By Violet Tweedale. (John Long.)
The Mask. By W. Le Queux. (John Long.)
The Bell in the Fog. By G. Atherton. (Macmillan.)
Gate of the Desert. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Old Gorgon Graham. By G. H. Lorimer. (Methuen.)
An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Confessions of a Young Lady. By R. Marsh. (John Long.)
The Garden of Allah. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

MARCH 5—APRIL 6.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

March 9th.

WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—The Marriage of William Ashe, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
JEFFERIES, RICHARD.—Nature Near London. St. Martin's Lib. Ed. 2s. net, 3s. net ..... (Chatto)
OUIDA.—Chandos, 6d. ..... (Chatto)

March 23rd.

MARSH, RICHARD.—A Spoiler of Men, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
CROKER, B. M.—A Bird of Passage. New Edition. 6d. (Chatto)

April 3rd.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Youngest Miss Brown, 6s. (Chatto)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

COKE, HON. HENRY J.—Tracks of a Rolling Stone, 10s. 6d. net (Smith, Elder)
BRADLEY-BIRT, F. B., F.R.G.S., I.C.S.—The Story of an Indian Upland, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Smith, Elder)
CROWE, MAJOR J. H. V., R.A.—Problems in Manœuvre Tactics, Translated by Major Hoppenstedt. 6s. net (Smith, Elder)
DODD, CATHERINE J.—A Vagrant Englishwoman, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
MILES, A. H. (Editor).—Poets and Poetry of the XIXth Century. Vol. IV. 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Routledge)
PEPYS, SAMUEL.—Diary. Complete Edition. With Copious Index. 5s. ..... (Routledge)
BOWER, F.—Dictionary of Economic Terms, 1s. net (Routledge)
SWAN, H.—Dictionary of English Prose Quotations, 1s. net (Routledge)
WHITE, GEORGE.—Personal Magnetism, Telepathy, and Hypnotism. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Routledge)
BLAKE, WILLIAM.—Poetical Works. Edited by W. B. Yeats. New Edition. 1s. net ..... (Routledge)
ANDERSEN, HANS.—Fairy Tales, 1s. net, 2s. net (Routledge)
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.—On Translating Homer. With F. W. Newman's Homeric Translations in Theory and Practice, and Arnold's Reply. 1s. net, 2s. net ..... (Routledge)
BROMLEY, GEORGE.—Essays. Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A. 1s. net, 2s. net ..... (Routledge)
COLERIDGE, S. T.—Aids to Reflection, 1s. net, 2s. net (Routledge)
GASKELL, MRS.—Cranford. Life of Charlotte Brontë. 2 Vols. 1s. net, 2s. net each ..... (Routledge)
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—Citizen of the World, 1s. net, 2s. net. (Routledge)
GRIMM, THE BROTHERS.—Fairy Tales, 1s. net, 2s. net (Routledge)
HARE, A. J., AND J. C.—Guesses at Truth, 1s. net, 2s. net (Routledge)
HARRIS.—Uncle Remus. Nights with Uncle Remus. 2 Vols. 1s. net, 2s. net each ..... (Routledge)
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.—Poet at the Breakfast Table. Professor at the Breakfast Table. Elsie Venner. 3 Vols. 1s. net, 2s. net each ..... (Routledge)
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THE READER.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI—1804-1881.

By Thomas Seccombe.

WHEN he says in his picturesque way that he was born in a library, all that Lord Beaconsfield means is that he was born under the roof of his father the Monkbarns of Literary Curiosities. In 1804 Isaac D'Israeli was living in Theobald's Road, and here, on 21st December, in a house now marked by a tablet opposite Gray's Inn Gardens, Benjamin Disraeli was born. His pedigree was ancient, but not particularly distinguished. He was received into the Jewish Church with the usual rite, at the Spanish synagogue in Bevis Marks, was taught in suburban schools, and lived the life of a London boy mainly in Bloomsbury Square, where his father had a large house. He was baptised into the Christian community in 1817, one of his godfathers being the historian, Sharon Turner, but the "mighty dome" of his forehead was never exactly a Christian temple. Impertinent and flippant, never at a loss for a compliment or a repartee, he was early hailed as an original and a wit. It is far from easy to imagine Benjamin as a boy.

He spent some early years in a solicitor's office, and a career at the bar was dangled before him. But law and bad jokes up to forty, and an eventual prospect of brilliant success, a coronet, and the gout, were not to his mind. He had determined to be, not a great lawyer, but a great man; a great man being, by his own definition, a man who shall impose his ideals upon the mind of his fellow men. An extraordinary dream for a young clerk! But his dreams had an extraordinary knack of coming true. He had already found a convert to his melancholy and his ambitions in his gifted sister "Sa." Already he is writing "in bed" the first of those novels which are to create a sensation by their novelty and glitter. Already he is maturing eccentricities of manner and costume, and formulating conditions of success, the mottoes of his marvellous career: "Adventures to the adventurous," "Forti nihil difficile," "The two greatest stimulants in the world to action are youth and debt."

In 1825, he is flashing a quill in his father's library at Bradenham (whither the family had removed from Bloomsbury), over the rapid pages of "Vivian Grey,"* and pondering the audacious motto, "Why, then, the world's mine oyster."

Resolutely determined to play to the great world and not to lack an audience, Disraeli at this time kept close down to the footlights and attitudinised freely and frankly. For purposes of self-advertisement he calculated that affectation paid better than wit. In an age of dandies he would be second to none, and accordingly his embroidered waistcoats were superlative, he wore green or purple trousers with gold stripes, long, black ringlets, and rings over white kid gloves. At Gibraltar he regularly changed his morning cane for his evening cane—*at gun fire*. Similarly, he was in the first flight of spendthrifts, connoisseurs, and ennuyés. "I hate staying with ancient families, you are always cawed to death"; he affected to live upon guava and curaçoa, and to be so bored by good wine as to prefer bad. "Ye soups!" he ejaculates, "over whose creation I have watched like a mother o'er her sleeping child," or again, simulating, as he often did, a gourmet's ecstasy, "Let me die eating ortolans to the sound of soft music." In society his pose was to be melancholy and reserved, but when he did talk it was his aim, by a mixture of erudite paradoxes and cynical comedy dialogue (such as Sheridan might have "improvised" out of Vanbrugh), to convulse, astonish, and confound his hearers. Once started, he talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action. Threatened by illness, he made a Byronic tour to Spain, Malta, and the East—"the East is a career," was one of his sayings. As with Byron and Napoleon, the East exercised a profound fascination over him. His imagination was deeply stirred, and he sent back glowing letters full of fantastic doings. On every hand he records adventure, enterprise, distinction. On the plains of Troy he conceives an epic, and meditates adding to the Thousand and One Nights. In February, 1831, he was in the Holy City, the goal of his pilgrimage, where he attained the "full use of his brain for the first time." On his return he published those extraordinary projections of his youthful personality, "Contarini Fleming" (1832)* and "Alroy" (1833), the material embodied in which was recast to some extent later on

From a Painting by Kenneth Macleay in the National Portrait Gallery.
Rischgitz Collection.

Disraeli, 1829.

* It was published by the speculative H. Colburn in 1826. Several editions were exhausted, and much ingenuity expended upon "Keys." The author knew celebrity at twenty-two.

* He entrusted this, his third novel, to Murray, with Lockhart (whom he afterwards referred to as a tenth-rate novelist) as censor.

in "Lothair" and "Tancred"—just as "Vivian Grey" and its sequel, "The Young Duke" (books written by boys, their author denominated them), were remelted in his mind when he was at work upon "Coningsby." These over-adorned, drearily brilliant, and dressily Bulweresque fictions, together with his amazingly clever political burlesques, "Ixion in Heaven," "The Infernal Marriage," "Popanilla," and a number of sparkling pamphlets, such as his amusing and caustic denunciation of the Orleanist *coup d'état* in 1832, were the products of a truly feverish energy during the five years that followed his return; and the least effect they had was to make a literary lion of the outwardly languorous and "naturally indolent" Disraeli. He was seen in company with Bulwer, D'Orsay, and the Hopes of Deepdene. He was familiar in the circle of Lady Blessington, Caroline Norton, and Tom Moore. The American Vandam of those days (N. P. Willis) transmitted a famous portrait of him across the Atlantic. And now he reaped the reward of his youthful eccentricity, when, of this ivory complexioned mask, sneering at the world and smiling at his friends, or murmuring in a damsel's ear that tobacco was the tomb of love, almost as many stories were told as if he were Monte Christo himself. Knowing by this time that he had "a devil of a tongue," and was oppressed by no foolish modesty, he determined to enter Parliament, not as a party pawn, but as an incarnation of Youth—for it is Youth alone that achieves. "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth." The Tories, he perceived, were fools, and the Whigs knaves; the squabbles they simulated were squalls within the compass of a slop basin ("Wishy is down and Washy is up"), their deeds the arbitrament of blank cartridge! Pity that he ever lost this conviction! He cared little for "reform"; what he wanted was redress. He saw through our "Venetian oligarchy" and the fatal drollery which we call a party system, and he would speak the truth.*

22, Theobald's Road.
Where Benjamin Disraeli was born, December 21st, 1804.
Rischgitz Collection.

To obtain some much needed ready money for his contemplated *début* in Parliament (he always gave it the full four syllables) he wrote "Henrietta Temple" (1836) and "Venetia" (1837). The first is an impassioned love story, over-complicated as regards plot, but inspired by a more genuine emotion than any of his previous volumes. In "Venetia" he attempts to exhibit the characters of Lord Byron (Lord Cadurcis) and Percy Shelley (Marmion Herbert), but the portraits, though clever, are pale beside the originals. Two such novels would have made a new reputation for a novelist. They sustained the public interest in Disraeli. The position of the novelist at this time was a singular one. He had long abandoned the law, and was living like a rich man upon nothing, save what he could borrow upon the promise of his career. He had travelled extensively in every sense—combined the knowledge of a historian with the emotions of a boy, the aptitudes of a politician with the generous feeling of an artist, the sentiments and traditions of an aristocrat with the sympathetic susceptibilities of a socialist. By the Tadpoles and Tapers, amidst the husks and bran of their political clap-trap, he was naturally regarded as a walking paradox. "I incurred the accustomed penalty of being looked on as a visionary, and what I knew to be facts were treated as paradoxes."† Asked as a candidate upon what he was going to stand, he replied promptly, "Upon my head." He could not at first win a seat; but he scored success after success "outside." He rode to hounds in top-boots, was seen everywhere, multiplied his debts, and elicited from O'Connell (whom he straightway called a Yahoo, and challenged to meet him "at Philippi") a conjecture that he was a direct descendant from the impenitent thief on the cross. The Duke of Wellington, from his retirement at Strathfieldsaye, watched his career with a mixture of amazement and awe. In 1837 he got elected for Maidstone and was howled down in the House upon his first appearance as a speaker. Another triumph! To win the ear of the House, to dominate it, and then to conquer a majority in the kingdom, these soon became the main objects of Disraeli's solicitude. "When I rise in this assembly hereafter, a dropped pin shall be heard."

It took him from six to six and thirty years to achieve it. Like Chesterfield, he was never hurried. To him, a son of patriarchs whose span of life was counted by centuries, the flight of time appeared a small factor. He became eventually even as Mordecai—a man whom his sovereign delighted to honour. But in the meantime he was torn by diverse ambitions, and seemed to have well nigh forgotten the mandate of the "trustees of posterity" and those brilliant hours of aspiration when he accepted the laying on of hands from a small

* "As the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and the subject has degenerated into a serf."
† Preface to "Lothair."

group of Young England as the literary apostle of the new gospel. The good tidings of the mission was contained in "Coningsby" and "Sybil," to which Disraeli added, as a personal revelation from himself, the astonishing message contained in "Tancred." The three novels of 1844, 1845, and 1847 form the famous Disraelian trilogy. They contain his most characteristic and, to our minds, his best work. "Lothair" comes next, and then "Endymion," though some put in a high claim for "Contarini Fleming."

There is extremely little of the pulpit, or lectern, or desk about "Coningsby," and still less of the poppy. What delights one with it is its daring, the vivacity and elation of its bounding youth, the irresistible *entrainement* of its tirades. As an epigrammatist "D." owes much of his champagne, no doubt, to the vintages of a byegone age;* but his persiflage is specially reminiscent of the wit-arabesque of Horry Walpole. (By how many, by the way, have Disraeli's own jaunty inversions and ingenuities been imitated?) He resembles Walpole most of all in the malicious ingenuity with which he twists the historical scriptures and wrenches them out of the hands of their long authorised but neither veracious nor vivacious interpreters (the "Edinburgh" Whigs), to suit his own argument and purpose. The Whigs before "Coningsby" had always used the parliamentary history of England for the glorification of their own political virtue. His father's library and his own marvellous intuition enabled him to discover nearly half a century before most of his contemporaries that the constitutional Whigs were but sham patriots, and that their constitutional theories were stuffed with sawdust.

The two novels "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and the high comedy "Tancred" and its successor, "Lothair," indicate the refinement of style and the ripening of literary faculty which had been progressing in Disraeli since the days of "The Young Duke" and "Alroy." To the general rule that novelists grow downwards he is a conspicuous exception. It seems to us unquestionable that he might have gone on to produce novels of the highest rank. Unhappily for letters, for England, and for humanity (with inferior insight to Dickens—the one man in contemporary England who surpassed him in emotional vivacity and in both speaking and writing power), Disraeli elected to run the risk of achieving greatness—synonymous, in his own words, with influencing the minds of his generation—by the precarious instrumentality of our outworn party system. A man with ideas of the most grandiose order for the regeneration of the alien English race, and with an intellect of the most exquisite temper, he allowed himself to be diverted from his appointed task by allurements hardly less fatal, or perhaps less vulgar, than those which had allured Bolingbroke—with the result that, his godlike faculty of expression foiled and blunted, his integrity of purpose sterilised by years and years of futile wrangling, he awoke in 1880 to the fact that he had wasted the best part of his life and the final vintage of his ideality upon the august frivolities of the Parliamentary arena. We have in him the spectacle, never

* To Vanbrugh, Chesterfield (especially in his father's advice to Contarini), Rochefoucault, Voltaire, Byron, Sydney Smith, and the wits of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *London Magazine*.

Isaac Disraeli.

Rischgitz Collection.

more painfully emphasised than in his case, of a race-horse lashed to a donkey-cart, meandering hopelessly out of the course a great Destiny had allotted him, and ultimately achieving real greatness, if at all, only by the bypath of picturesqueness. He had become fatally enmeshed, as he half predicted would be the case, in "the fatal drolleries of the party system." "Lothair" (published in 1870) is virtually a confession of abandoned ideals—or, at any rate, of despair at seeing them realised in England.

He writes no longer as an idealist, dreaming of a restored feudal nobility, but as a man of the world whose eyes are perfectly wide open to the discreet good points, and also to the inevitable foibles of the actual, unheroic English aristocrat, the contemporary British peerage, the fattened and flattered gods and goddesses of fashionable photographic journalism. The diablerie and the daring of the old satire is somehow changed, and in its place we have much that is pure Peacock, unaffectedly frivolous, but ludicrously true to life. It is, in short, a more intellectualised and cynical wit—though its scintillations are as characteristic and as delightful as ever. Here it is that we read of the expressive character and limited range of the English language. "It consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and some grammarians add 'fond.'" And here occurs the tournament of doves at which the Blue Rock, which was content to die by the hand of a Duke, but would not deign to be worried by a dog, frantically moved its expiring wings, scaled the paling, and died. Here, too, Mr. Phœbus defines critics: "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." Here Lothair leaving behind that celebrated eminence, the top of St. James's Street, and crossing the natural boundary of Oxford Street, springs into a well-horsed hansom while he

ejaculates, " 'Tis the gondola of London." Here is the Duke with so many castles that he has no home, who every day as he looks into the glass and gives the last touch to his consummate toilette, offers his grateful thanks to Providence that his family is not unworthy of him. Here, finally, is the blameless St. Aldegonde, whose twin interests are horses and tobacco, always so terribly afraid he is *going to* be bored, who goes to play whist at the house of a lady who lives out of town, and remarks, " I like the drive home; the morning air is so refreshing when one has lost one's money."

The jauntiness, the vivacious wit, the wonderful power of vignetting, the fine descriptive sense (shown in his sketch of Bradenham, the home of his youth), the amusing caricatured or idealised portraits,* the historical and political penetration, the mordant satire—these are all present in " Endymion "—commenced in 1874, laid aside, and completed in 1880—but, as in Thackeray's " Philip," the puppets have played before and are perceptibly worn out. The publishers are said to have lost considerably over the book, the author-premier's fee for which was £10,000; a large portion of this sum was wanted to buy a London house on a short lease—" It will see me out," he said.

Disraeli's novels, like those of Thackeray, postulate so much knowledge of English society and English politics that one is not surprised to find them unappreciated abroad. But in England itself they have been unduly neglected, unreprinted, unread and imperfectly edited until quite the other day. This is attributable in part to the circulation of the erroneous idea that they are exclusively, technically, and severely political. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the idea that Disraeli viewed everything from the point of view of the confirmed and utter politician. He was indeed a born wit and man of letters. His very political writings and speeches are shot with that essentially literary commodity, so worse than useless in politics, irony. He spoke in literary phrases, arranged his pauses and his carefully prepared impromptus† with an eye to dramatic effect. There was always something histrionic about his appearance in the house. His very wrinkles as he grew older were those of an actor. His novels are more historical than political in the narrow sense. He gives a new reading to the philosophy of history. Carlyle (to whom he afterwards offered a star and a pension) called him a dirty Jew dancing upon John Bull's stomach. Yet he had much in common with Carlyle. Like few other men of his generation, he saw the bitter fallacies of modern " progress." " Progress whence and progress whither? " he asked. Progress of competition among the poor in order that the rich may lie softer and fare more sumptuously. Progress in population, which will run not to nerve, muscle and sinew, nor even to knuckles and fists, but to complacent obesity. No, the only human progress worth calling by the name is progress in virtue, justice, courage, uprightness, love of country beyond love of ourselves. This kind of progress, the secret of which he thought might possibly be found in History, was the kind of Progress the Young England Party in its enthusiasm had endeavoured to disseminate.

No one, not even the great Commoner himself, had a loftier contempt for the moneybags than Disraeli. He despised the precious metal, even while regarding it as a kind of necessity that he must obviously possess freely, like air, or water—or coals, in heaps or by the ton. This indifference to fiscal considerations was carried to such a pitch that it brought him to these alternatives, Parliament and a rich marriage, or bankruptcy and exile. He chose the former, and the need that he felt for predominance in whatever he undertook soon constrained him to commit his political aspirations to the charge of one of the two historic parties, with the natural result, asphyxiation. His object now was to become a Rupert of Debate, a parliamentary leader. The smiles of an assembly which he should have compounded with became the objects of his passionate wooing. " If anything is to be really done in this world, it must be done by visionaries; men who see the future and make the future because they see it," so he says himself in his last fragment of fiction. The pressure of external circumstances conveyed a deplorable alloy into the composition of his visionary dreams, and the future he now caught a glimpse of was that in which he figured no longer as a prophet, but as Tory premier, peer,* patriot, and purveyor of jingoism. The great triumph so effectively recounted by Lord Esher marks the climax† of his political ambition: " In July, 1878, in the capital of the greatest military nation of our time, among the heroes and statesmen who had created Imperial Germany, among the representatives of the civilised nations of Europe congregated there to check Russia in her victorious career, and maintain the equal balance of European authority, the most observed and conspicuous personage was not Bismarck, nor Moltke, nor Andrassy, nor any prince nor Emperor of them all, but the slim and still youthful figure that with pale and haggard face and slow step, leaning on the arm of his private secretary, was seen day by day to cross the square from the Kaiserhof to the Congress, the representative of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India—the figure of Lord Beaconsfield, the Jew."

A slippery climax after all! It was followed early in 1880 by his fall.

The last time we saw Disraeli was after the reassembling of Parliament with a large Liberal majority. The relief felt at getting rid of the " old gang " was similar to that experienced in 1895. The late Prime Minister walked out of the House on the arm of Monty Corry (Lord Rowton) on his way to Downing Street for the last time. Two policemen cleared the way in front: two officers kept the rabble back with some difficulty

* Thornberry here represents Cobden; Roehampton, Palmerston; Nigel Penruddock, Manning; Lord Bertie Tremaine, Lord Houghton; George Waldershare, George Smythe; Gushy, Dickens; St. Barbe, Thackeray. " Endymion " also contains the famous phrase about " the transient and embarrassed phantom of Lord Goderich " and the description of St. Barbe. " Unchanged! the vainest, the most envious, and the most amusing of men " (was this retaliation for *Codlingsby*?).

† The place in which we invent our impromptus, he described Kensington Gardens.

* " When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic they always call you My Lord."

† The top of the greasy pole, he called his premiership.

From a Painting by Sir Francis Grant, R.A.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Rischgitz Collection.

behind. The crowd increased in numbers every minute, running, scampering and hollaing in their joy at the humiliation of the late chief of the nation's executive, the idolised representative of British might at a European congress less than two years ago. Shrill cries of "Ole Mojij" and "Ole Clo" were uttered with intonations of deadly hate or rapturous exultation, while caps and hats were thrown high into the air from sheer ecstacy of feeling. A pleasant souvenir of British democracy! Disraeli himself preserved a complete impassivity, an unmoved calm, walking very slowly, talking with apparent interest to his secretary, wasting not a glance upon his would-be tormentors.

* * * * * *

"Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret." Was it with regret that he dwelt upon these triumphs and the aspirations of an earlier day, at Hughenden, where "the fall of the leaf made everything very dreary" during the short days of 1880-1881; gazing for many hours into the fire and murmuring to

Disraeli as a Young Man.
Rischgitz Collection.

himself, "Dreams, dreams, dreams"? But the mood passed for one of an amused retrospection, and he commenced a new novel—the central figure of which was evidently to be an "idealised portrait" of his political rival. The description of Joseph Toplady Falconet, a child of singular precocity, memory and talent, debarred from a sense of humour, fluent and disputatious from earliest youth, and convinced that he was destined to vindicate as a lay champion of Anglicanism the sublime cause of religious truth, leaves no more doubt as to the practical identity of this portrait than the caustic resumé of a character essentially priggish, the antipodes, it may be remarked, of Disraeli's own. "Among the prigs there is a freemasonry that never fails. All the prigs spoke of him as the coming man." These pleasant literary avocations were interrupted by an illness, gout complicated by a severe chill, which rapidly proved fatal.

On April 19th, 1881, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, bade a last adieu to the scene upon which he had for a brief season or two been the most brilliant actor. He was buried among the rural surroundings which seem to have had a genuinely soothing effect upon his organisation, and the following inscription was put up to his memory by the express command of Queen Victoria :—

"To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria R.I. Kings love him that speaketh right."

Every phrase—nay, every word—of this inscription upon the inartistic mural tablet in the unromantic and dreary little modern Gothic church at Hughenden, has a significance of profound interest to the historical ironist who loves to bring the whirligig time into his reverie. This extraordinary child of Israel whose ancestors were refugees hunted from Spain to Venice, from Genoa to Rotterdam, whose immediate forbears were poor immigrants into a London suburb, "sat himself down in the seat of the chief of the house of Stanley, dictated his will to the proudest aristocracy on earth, posed as the representative of the English race among the assembled Powers of Europe, took Great Britain into the hollow of his hand, clothed a *nation boutiquière* with Imperial purple, left behind him a cause identified with his name, and a party strong enough to defend it, and finally sank into a grave smothered with flowers by the hands of the people" and surmounted by a memorial inscribed by the hands of the Queen, "Victoria R.I.," his friend and Empress, who quoted Solomon in a Christian temple to commend this modern Israelite as the most faithful of her servants, and ordered his banner, helmet and sword as a Knight of the Garter to be hung up in the chancel of Hughenden Church.

A few of the more distinctive traits of this man of loneliness and mystery are indispensable to a sketch of him, however brief. First as an orator. Parliamentary speaking, he said, like playing the fiddle, required practice. No one practised more assiduously than "Dizzy." He was a Paganini of palaver, who upon occasion broke all his other strings and played upon one only, Irony. His Guarnerius was a beautiful voice, and he excelled in every kind of trill or flourish, save only the pathetic. He prepared his good things carefully, chiefly with apt alliteration's artful aid ("light and leading" was one of his phrases) and that of his eyeglass, but he also used a cough and a pocket handkerchief. He shunned elaborate quotation, eschewing Horace and Shakespeare with a strict impartiality. It was a comedy to see him observing Mr. Gladstone's hat, or erecting an eyeglass to study the clock, when that chieftain was getting "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." A better bred man would not have advertised himself quite as he did in his youth, nor have cultivated so carefully the one sable curl of his maturity. But except in his worship of sylvan scenery (which he preferred to rock, lake, river or mountain) he seems to have had little or no æsthetic taste. A semi-barbaric love of finery and glitter* exerted at all times an almost irresistible fascination over his otherwise masculine mind. Despite this insensibility to the higher forms of Taste, we must remember that Disraeli had "not a drop of English blood in his veins." Yet English was his sole language. He spoke French grotesquely ("Il est beau temps"), and shared Gibbon's prejudice about gentlemen who spoke German. In private life his character can best be summed by the word magnanimous. He was devoted to his father and his sister. He championed his unimpressive wife against the sneers of the *grandes dames*, to whom he said quite frankly, "Love me, love my Mary Ann." To most other women (as to all children) his manner was decidedly artificial, though he reserved his verbal fireworks for their society and prepared for their delectation elaborate "fleurettes," or extravagant little compliments. Of flattery for private, as of persiflage for public, consumption he made a fine art—the higher a man climbed, the thicker he must lay it on. His advantage over Gladstone at Court he attributed to the fact that he treated the Queen like a woman, while his rival treated her as a public meeting. An adventurer who never committed a dishonourable action, a political parvenu, punctilious in the highest degree

* Similarly his literary style is less conspicuous for chasteness than for a telling audacity, a luxuriant resonance, amounting at times to a florid exaltation, especially in his adjectives.

about money and engagements, and studiously considerate to inferiors, Disraeli is singular in nothing more than his superiority to insult. "When a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous how the men so labelled have a knack of disappearing." His memory for men was uncertain. His practice was to give them two minutes, and then, if the case proved hopeless, to enquire, "And how is the old complaint?" His *gourmandise* was an affectation; he only over-ate himself at country houses where people "talked sport." He took no exercise. "A walk! Out of the question! A saunter, if you please." His sad, comatose visage recalled the line in the "Merchant of Venice"—"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."* His *bêtes noires* were Gladstone and Bright; men whose characters were unrelieved by "a single redeeming fault." Concerning Disraeli's religious views no man ever elicited a syllable. He borrowed from the Marquis of Halifax the dictum about the religion of sensible men; and he added this of his own, "What is the use of talking to a man about Religion or Love? Both are stronger than friendship."

In an age when you can classify human beings with as much ease as coins, a Disraeli stands out like a moidore or a dubloon, strayed from some antique and exotic hoard. He has something of the air of a being (like Napoleon) cast in an antique mould to become a man of destiny. Of neither Disraeli nor his voluble opponent can it be justly said—as of Bismarck, Cavour, Peel, or even Thiers—that he was an *homme nécessaire*. But it is a common mistake to suppose that Fame answers to intellectual and moral greatness, or is a reward conferred by posterity for services rendered. Fame is, as often as not, the donation of a great writer (thus Shakespeare rendered Macbeth immortal), and great writers are inspired to select their heroes to some extent by caprice, but more, perhaps, by the perception of a certain heroic quality or of an exceptional picturesqueness about them.

Now, it is a significant fact that so far Gladstone has inspired none but long, dull and unutterably prosy works, while of Dizzy, on the other hand, we have short and sparkling books, mainly collections of audacities and abnormalities, whether in thought, speech or action. Thirty years hence the personality of Gladstone will be as remote from us as that of Lord John Russell; while Disraeli, like Charles II. or J. H. Newman, is all the time exfoliating a bushy legend. "Never defend me," said Beaconsfield on his deathbed, and Lord Rowton carried out the injunction to the letter. He was content to see the legend sprout as he slept.

The cult of the great Earl of Beaconsfield renews itself every Spring with the Primrose, a flower described by Disraeli as making a capital salad. We welcome it! It adds to the picturesqueness of nations in general, and especially to that of our grey Great Britain, while, to lovers of the imaginative element in History and Literature, it has the particular attraction that, in contradistinction to such purely intellectual products as Marlborough, Voltaire, Napoleon and Wellington, creatures of sheer mental and physical energy and insight, Disraeli, like Nelson, was to a large extent at any rate a genuine idealist and a man of an essentially romantic temperament.

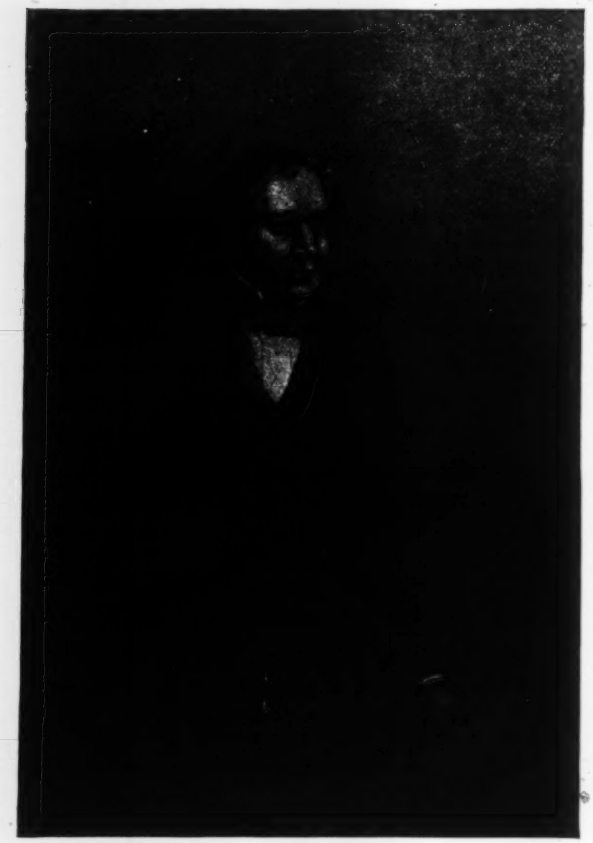
"WAMPUM."

By Y. Y.

BROTHER PALEFACE, have you too gone through life the happier for not knowing what Wampum means? Ignorance is half the bliss of those magic words which garnished the eloquence of the Redskin heroes of the nursery; we cherish it from cradle to grave. One of our own Braves—who is at least a Redbeard, and of a ruddy countenance—assures me that the mystic Mocassins are but a species of Putties; but luckily, all I know about Putties is that they are some symptom of khakitis breaking out on the leg. Cooper and Mayne Reid took these things too much for granted. Later on I may have found in Catlin and other authorities the key to Wampum, and have taken care to lose it again. Why not—you say—look it out in the Dictionary? I never possessed one. A vast Library stands but a stone-cast from my armchair, and a cable's length further off an Ethnological Museum, no doubt bursting with Wampum; but being so near, of course I never enter them. Guessing is so much easier. And now I mind me of another childhood's puzzle. We used to read how neatly

From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay. **Disraeli.**
Rischgitz Collection.

* At a dinner at Greenwich, Lord Gordon, a portentously serious Scotch law lord, sang a song of his own composition. Disraeli observed him curiously through his eyeglass for some time, and at the commencement of the fifth verse laughed audibly. ("I can hardly believe this," says Fraser; "I never saw him look cheerful.") One other laugh is recorded, but upon wholly insufficient testimony.



Engraved by D. J. Pound from a Photo by Mayall. **Disraeli.**

Rischgitz Collection.

the Red Men embroidered their tobacco-pouches and belts with beads, birch bark, other people's back hair, and—porcupines' quills! "Go it, Fenny!" we muttered, "if you want to say 'crowbars and paving-stones,' don't be shy!" Please, nobody explain—let me carry my wonder to the tomb. But tell me, my soul, can this be Wampum?

Well, you perhaps have found out long ago whether Wampum was something to eat, to wear, to trap, or to worship—or only to talk about. But wait! Do you know what a *Wampum Library** is? You will lay your *Times* "Encyclopædia Britannica" against nothing that you do! No, you won't rid yourself of the detested incubus that way—you could never guess! So I must tell you. A Wampum Library means—a series of octavo volumes, each containing select specimens of some one branch of American Literature, preceded by an historical Introduction. Now you know. But why called Wampum? *Que sais-je?* It is not printed on birch bark, nor bound in scalps and porcupine quills; but in neat red cloth. So the Wampum must be internal and figurative, and may refer to certain Last Mohican survivals or revivals, which (to judge from these volumes) make Criticism one of the most "peculiar institutions" of our American cousins—but, ah! how cold that phrase in these days of international flattery! Let us say rather, our 'Murrican elder brethren—or at least uncles.

* "The Wampum Library of American Literature." Edited by Professor Brander Matthews. 3 vols. 18s. (Longmans.)

Of the three volumes already issued that on Literary Criticism is an intruder too good for its company. Dr. W. M. Payne, the Editor, in his temperate, judicious, and instructive "Introduction" offers no Wampum at all, and very little in his Selections (several of them old acquaintances), though, very conscientiously, he exhibits a grand specimen of *Wampum in usum lunaticorum*—Whitman's notorious Preface. Considering that American Literature is but a century old, and that the wise plan of the Library excludes all living writers born since 1850, the book commands respect for itself and for the best American critics.

The other two volumes, which deal with American Short Stories and American Familiar Verse, afford precious material for research into the Principles and Practice of Wampum. They are curiously alike. Both the painstaking Editors—who shall be nameless—are fettered by the same pedantic rules and theories, and are equally deficient in comprehensive vision, sense of proportion, and power of selection. Our New Criticism, or rather New Pedantry, is a weed which, like "the oak, grows only on free soil"; in the United States it runs rampant, developing from its exuberance so many strange sports and varieties that America may proudly group them as a distinct species under the name of Wampum. On its origin, just this one sidelight. We ought not to forget that writing, lecturing, and teaching about Modern Literature has lately become a regular trade, and its pushing professors are busy manufacturing a labyrinth of theories, mysteries, and technical jargon to give themselves a countenance, baffle the laity, and prove themselves worthy of their hire. They decoy the neophyte away from the great authors, substituting for the Real Books their muddled and fuddled Books about Books. Well, business is business. If they were content to teach how to read the books best worth reading, the student might find out that he could read better without their help. For with mind warped and sympathy blunted by niggling methods and pumped up enthusiasms, they soon lose touch with Genius and Sense, and can no longer tell the difference between good and bad work. But let us view the Pedant at work in the person of our Short Story Editor.

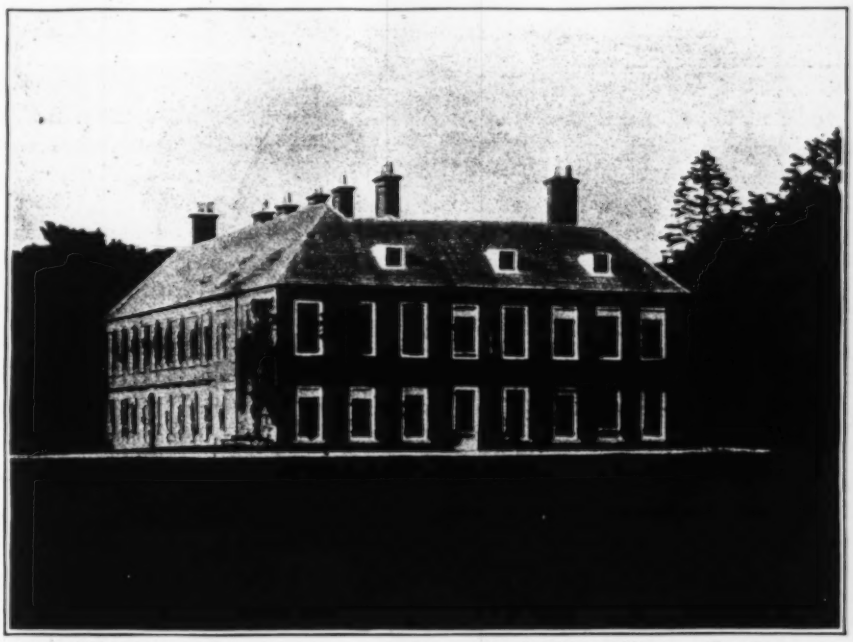
It is but fair to premise that he is responsible neither for his erudition nor his vagaries. We gather from his avowedly incomplete Bibliography, that a whole literature already pullulates around the Short Story. Among others—I name not the authors—appear "The Short Story," "The Book of the Short Story," "The Evolution of the Short Story," "The Philosophy of the Short Story"—this last "the standard essay on the subject" of course! Most of them no doubt avail themselves of the Evolution boom. It would be pleasant to expose at length that most mischievous craze of the pedants, who glory in the excuse for proving that everybody stole everything from someone else. I now only pause to note two of their fallacies—first, that there is a strict analogy between the evolution of a "Macbeth" or a "Hyperion" and the evolution of a cab-horse, a turnip or a barrel-organ; second, that in Literature species has become finally fixed, as in Nature, and that the literary forms just now in favour are the ultimate goals towards which

generations of writers have been striving more or less consciously. So, putting on his dark spectacles, our Pedant descries the evolution of a highly developed living organism, a *nova species*, which he labels the Short Story—as distinct from the Short Tale. What he really sees is not Evolution, but the swing of Fashion's pendulum. We got tired of long novels—wanted a change—were too bored to try poetry or plays. So short tales came into fashion, as they have often done before. Of course, each time they are modified for novelty's sake and to suit the taste of the period, and thus most of our present tales have some common features, but they most certainly form no distinct, homogeneous species or group; on the contrary they present several very different types.

Confronted by this gloomy fact, the Pedant at once smuggles it out of sight, and with certain tales of the Maupassant type in his eye, constructs his pompous ideal of the Short Story—as he thinks it ought to be—as it usually is not. Then he lays down in his mind a most strict, logical, scientific definition (of which more anon), but finding the facts somehow won't fit, he takes good care not to expose it in black and white, so just hints and intimates it bit by bit, as he goes on—we are to understand it when we come to study the specimens, which (as we shall see) explode it to atoms. Thus armed, he falls to work to trace the evolution of this wondrous American "New Form" from its earliest fossil infancy (no less than ninety years ago),and, strange to say, contents himself with two periods: the "Tentative Period," and that dating from the daylight dawn of Poe. His perverse ingenuity is probably more that of his tribe than his own; but perverse he is both in his general treatment and in his particular judgments. Mark first their mania for pigeon-holing. To the New Pedant, as to the Old Botanist, knowledge begins and ends in classification. He concentrates himself on his Evolutionary Pedigrees and Tables of Genera and Species. Get these up, and you know Literature! The world, ancient and modern, has hitherto read with base and frivolous aims. His mission is to teach us that we should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest books solely to classify them. How sad it is to think how we have gone on lazily enjoying Poe's "Raven," blind to its sole point of interest, without ever tackling the one weighty, supreme problem—should it be classified as a Hysterico-metaphysical Phantasmagoria, or should it come under the Hyper-domestico-parabolical Super-sensuosities? Well, let us amend. Our Editor will approve if, as a beginning, I assign his Introduction to the Hydro-gaseous pigeon-hole, and label it—Wampum.

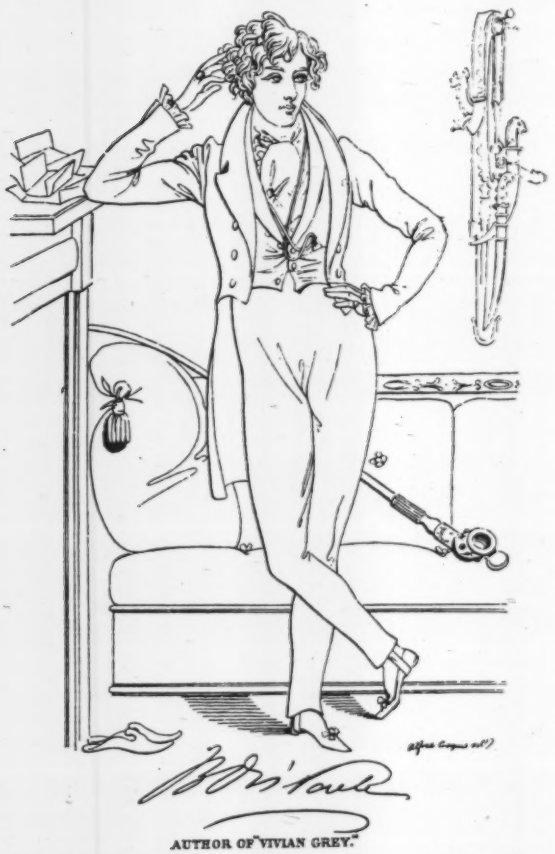
Then there is the inveterate habit of exaggerating what each author owes to his predecessors—but that is an old story. And the pompous, pseudo-scientific tall-talk—I will not quote it. But we must revert to the main fallacy, which corrupts his otherwise instructive review. He tests—and unconsciously praises or disparages—each author and each tale by the standard of his ideal Short Story—practically Maupassant's "Contes." Some were "feeling for," "groping for" it; others—more shame for them!—never groped at all. "The short story form lay there *in posse*; the man of the hour was Poe." He "seized and fixed it"—and so on. "Sporadic instances," "anticipations," and "foreshadowings" are duly labelled. Boccaccio wrote only two Short Stories—Chaucer only one, and that but a "foreshadowing." We read of "talemongers," and "the whole herd of modern tales, such as Miss Edgeworth's." *Herd!*—do you still ask for more? The whole thing is a dismal delusion. There never was any "groping," any conscious progress to the Perfect Form. The old fashions are just as perfect as the latest, and often more pleasing. It is a matter of taste, and I myself prefer the "Pecorone," and Bandello, and such cattle as Miss Edgeworth to Poe and Richepin. By the way, our Editor is at his worst in glorifying Poe. Neither Poe nor his acolyte have the sense of humour to mark the line between the Blood-curdling and the Ridiculous. "The House of Usher," with all its effective rhetoric, is a cock-and-bull affair, and "Berenice" something worse. The "Introduction" closes by letting out the secret of all this mighty-to-do—the Short Story affords "one warrant for asserting that we have a literary history."

Turn now to the specimen Short Stories. You will not be surprised to find that *not one* is a Short Story—*not one* conforms to the ideal—all belong to the despised



Photo, H. W. Taunt.

Bradenham House, Bucks, the Residence of Isaac Disraeli.



AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise. **Disraeli.**

"herd of tales." The nearest "anticipations" are "Poker Flat," and Bunner's homely but excellent version of the old garret-window-courtship theme. Of the rest a few are fair magazine tales—O'Brien's is bold, if original—but some are contemptible, and the collection does grave injustice to the sterling merits of American fiction. As I said before, the Pedant ends by losing his judgment and power of selection. Irving's pleasant, unpretending version of the obvious and frequently handled theme of the Seven Sleepers is rightly included, since somehow Rip has become the accepted version, but Austin's prolix and bungling parody of it, "Peter Rugg," deserves the flames. Hawthorne's "White Old Maid" is—well, Hawthorne at his worst—tinsel.

I hoped to reconstruct for you the Editor's complete definition from his scattered hints, and to display all those essential features which distinguish the glorious Short Story from the miserable Short Tale. But it takes so much groping—I have only collected a dozen yet—so I give it up. Enough to say that I know no single story that embraces them all. If it did, it would be no longer a story. Each several requisite is no doubt found in certain tales, but not in others. The Short Story Myth is all a story—and I don't believe it. Hand in hand with my learned American uncle, I have groped some pleasant hours for the truth; and this truth alone have I found—which I knew before—that there are only two things essential to the Short Story. It must be a story—and it must be short. The rest is—Wampum.

CRITIC AND HISTORIAN.

By D. Hay Fleming.

My friend Mr. Lang supposes that if more space had been at my disposal my review of the third volume of his History of Scotland might have been infinitely more severe. It would at least have discussed his main positions. That could not be satisfactorily done without the command of much more space than The Bookman can allow. It seemed better, therefore, to point out a few of its many traces of haste and carelessness, and to deal with some of its characteristic errors and perversions. These, by their number and their nature, seriously detract from the value of the work as a history, and emphasise the prejudice which is such a distinctive feature of the volume. From what I know of Mr. Lang, I cannot for a moment believe that he would wilfully pervert a fact, old or new, or misrepresent a person, dead or alive; but, like other people, he has a bias, and it has not been kept sufficiently in check; and the haste and carelessness, otherwise observable, have facilitated the misinterpretation of facts and documents. It may be a great mistake to brood too long over a historical work; but, in this age of book-making, it is a mistake which comparatively few commit; and it is at least more excusable than not brooding at all. Had Mr. Lang devoted more time to his History of Scotland, he could have produced a work worthy of himself and worthy of his subject. In my opinion he has not done so, although, as I have pointed out in reviewing the earlier volumes, his History has qualities of its own.

Mr. Lang complains that I have said nothing about the points to which he has devoted special attention; and, in particular, refers to his study of the psychology of Sharp, who, he thinks, did not begin as a Judas, but long resisted temptation, appealing (like a weary bowler) to be "taken off." The late Professor York Powell, we are told, thought that, on this point, Mr. Lang had proved his case. One may have an unhesitating belief in Sharp's duplicity without believing that he began as a Judas. The real difficulty is to know the precise stage in his course when the spirit of Iscariot took possession of him. His mission in London began in the middle of February, 1660. He went to see the King at Breda, reaching that place on the 8th of May, and was back again in London by the 26th of that month. Douglas, Baillie, and Burnet, who all knew him, seem afterwards to have been satisfied that it was about the time he went to Breda (not in March, as Mr. Lang says), that he began to play a double part. While in Holland he wrote to Douglas in commendation of Hyde. That was the first thing that gave Douglas a dislike to him; but it does not appear that he then suspected his honesty. If he secretly favoured the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland when he was at Breda, or at any time preceding the 26th of April in the following year, it is impossible to clear him of duplicity and hypocrisy.

It is true that while in London he expressed a desire to be recalled. Mr. Lang seems to attach too much importance to these expressions. He says:—"As early as February 21, he desires to return to Scotland; again on March 27, and so on frequently." Let us glance at the two occasions thus specially pointed out. In his letter of 21st February, he gave a reason for being recalled. It was that nothing could be done until Parliament sat. But in the same letter he expressed his satisfaction at having gone up to London, for, "though little can be done at present for the cause we own, effectually, yet one from the Church of Scotland bears a construction that will be for the reputation of the Church"; and he also mentioned that the General (*i.e.*, Monk) declared in his speech for "Presbyterian government, not rigid." It is no wonder that, in his reply, Douglas left the matter of his return to Sharp himself and to the advice of the General. On the 27th of March, he did desire again to be recalled; but on the 5th of April he signified "that the General was positive that he should not leave him"; and he added that he behoved to stay at London. In June he frequently expressed a desire to be recalled; but those who believe that he was "corrupted," in May, naturally infer that the desire was not sincere, that, in fact, it was only meant to hoodwink the party he was betraying. On the 14th of June, he said that the King had that day again professed that "he was resolved to preserve to us the discipline and government of our Church, as it is settled among us"; that his Majesty thought he should now return to Scotland; and that he was to be the bearer of a royal letter to Douglas. That royal letter, on which so many hopes were built, was brought by Sharp to Edinburgh on the 31st of August.

Mr. Lang says that Sharp "seems to have made the state of affairs clear enough, in his letters to Douglas. He does, on occasion, adopt the style of 'the good old cause,' but his genuine views are transparent in his correspondence with the men who sent him as their envoy. 'Rigid Presbyterianism,' he says from the first, will not be accepted, and, though Douglas strongly objects to the phrase 'rigid Presbyterianism' . . . Sharp purposely continues to use it in writing to Douglas. This was fair warning as to the state of his own opinions. . . Sharp obviously would, even at this time, have been content with the shadow of Episcopacy implied, later, in Leighton's attempted 'accommodation.' Sharp's letters of this date and onwards appear to indicate clearly enough that he saw how the world would go, and that he, unless recalled, would go with the world." If Professor York Powell accepted such statements as accurate, it is no wonder that he thought that Mr. Lang had proved his case.

As to Sharp adopting the style of "the good old cause," Mr. Lang, on another page, represents him as saying:—"You know I am against Episcopacy, root and branch." That expression occurs in one of Douglas' letters, not in Sharp's! Sharp, however, did adopt the style of "the good old cause"; but he did not do it merely "on occasion," as Mr. Lang says he did, but all through the long series of letters of which Wodrow has given an abridgment. As to his having said from the first that "rigid Presbyterianism" would not be accepted, he certainly referred to it in his letter of 21st February already mentioned. Monk had then declared himself as in favour of "Presbyterian government, not rigid"; but that speech related to England. As to Sharp's purposely continuing to use the phrase "rigid Presbyterianism," in writing to Douglas, it may be noted that in his letter of 6th March he says:—"As to the reflection upon Presbytery by the epithet of rigidity, the carriage of the true friends of it hath given sufficient proof of the causelessness of that aspersion, yet upon all occasions you see it doth not fence against it." And again, upon the 27th of March, he writes:—"The fear of rigid Presbytery is talked much of here by all parties; but, for my part, I apprehend no ground for it; I am afraid that something else is like to take place in the Church than rigid Presbytery. This nation is not fitted to bear that yoke of Christ." This, of course, also refers to England, not to Scotland. Though Sharp now thought that rigid Presbytery might not, or would not, be established in England, he nevertheless speaks of that form of Church government as the yoke of Christ. In what other sense can the words be regarded as a "fair warning" as to the state of Sharp's own opinions? On the 27th of March, he also says that he himself was reported to be "a Scottish rigid Presbyterian"; and on the 2nd of June, he mentions that there are few of those "they call rigid Presbyterians," and these are in the province of London and Lancashire. These are the only references to "rigid Presbyterianism," or "rigid Presbyterians," in Sharp's letters to Douglas, as printed by Wodrow.

It is highly probable that Sharp would at that time have been satisfied with "the shadow of Episcopacy,"

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise. **Disraeli.**

or any form of Episcopacy; but that is not obvious from his letters, though Mr. Lang thinks it is. Sharp made it quite plain that he did not wish to press Presbyterianism upon the English; but so late as the 5th of June he wrote:—"I pray the Lord keep them from the Service-book and Prelacy." And on the 16th of June, in explaining the state of matters in England, he said:—"Discerning men see that the gale is like to blow for the prelatic party; and those who are sober will yield to a liturgy and moderate Episcopacy, which they phrase to be effectual Presbytery; and by this salvo they think they guard against breach of covenant. I know this purpose is not pleasing to you, *neither to me.*"

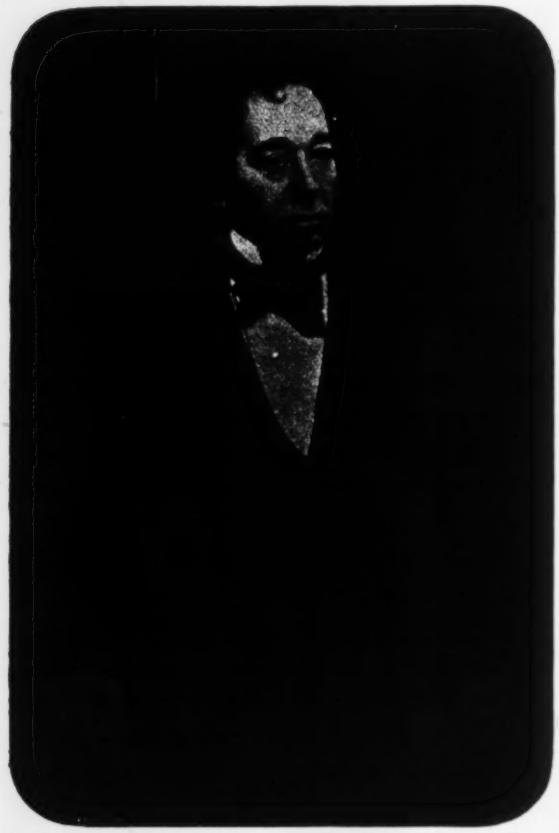
In Mr. Lang's defence much more important matters are referred to than the psychology of Sharp; but I have dealt with that, because he appears to attach special importance to his treatment of it. On this matter, it seems to me that he has utterly failed to prove his case; and further that, if Sharp played a double game, he played his cards with amazing skill.

Mr. Lang is a critic as well as a historian, and his History of Scotland is highly critical throughout. It should therefore, above all things, be fair and accurate; but it is not; and his line of personal defence is not admirable. In referring to Hamilton and the prisoners after Drumclog, he now owns that only one was pistolled; and justifies himself for using the "unlimited plural" by the example of Sheilds in reference to the Wigton martyrs. That was an example which he should not have referred to, considering what he said about it in his History. Here are his words:—"From 1687 onwards, we find brief notices that women, 'some' of extreme age, 'some' very young, were drowned by the persecutors. Renwick and Sheilds, who published these notices, here apparently *lied*; only one old and one young woman were drowned."

I regret that the limitation of space prevents me from dealing with other points in Mr. Lang's defence.

From a Bust in the possession of Miss Ida K. Layard. **Sara Austen.**

(Reproduced from "Vivian Grey," by kind permission of the De La More Press.)



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co. **Benjamin Disraeli.**

New Books.

THOMAS MOORE.*

It is high time that Thomas Moore should fill a niche in the "English Men of Letters" series. No one of the writers hitherto enrolled in it has been more essentially and emphatically a literary man, equally devoted to literature whether as the instrument of his aspirations, the delight of his leisure, or the staff of his existence. He may almost be paralleled with Southey; less palpably a machine for the production of books, but hardly less engrossed with literary composition. No direct comparison can be instituted between the poetry of men whose styles and subjects had next to nothing in common: but the amount of the pure gold of poetry in each may not unfairly be said to be much the same, utterly dissimilar as is the mintage. Yet Southey speedily obtained a place in the "Men of Letters" series, while Moore has been excluded until just now. It was noticeable, however, that the accomplished critic who ministered to Southey said much of the poet but little of the poetry; and we must suppose that Moore was deemed to have come short of the standard of merit which Southey had just managed to reach on tiptoe. Such is by no means our opinion, but a disputation *de gustibus* would be endless and mutually unconvincing. The appeal must be to facts admitting of no dispute. What, let it be asked, has Moore done? The answer is short and plain, he has given Irish poetical literature a place among the literatures of Europe. He, and he alone among Irish poets, is read and admired in France, in Germany, in Scandinavia, in Russia. No other Irish poet has achieved any success approaching to this; and, so long as the Irish poetical movement pursues its present course, it is improbable that any Irish poet will. Mr. Yeats is no

* "Thomas Moore." By Stephen Gwynn. English Men of Letters. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

doubt a poet of far higher genius than Moore: but he is a poet's poet. We question whether his genius be not too ethereal to produce much tangible effect even in Ireland: assuredly the mighty stream of English poetry will be but slightly tinged by it. He will find, as he deserves, enthusiastic admirers; he will be relished, as one relishes caviare, and imitated, as one imitates Omar Khayyam.

What the neo-Irish school, with all its genuine inspiration, will never effect, Moore has actually done, and hence has established a claim to distinction independent of all vicissitudes of taste. His special service could only have been performed by a true lyrist, and therefore a true poet. In Moore's instance, moreover, the poet is doubled by the musician. "Divorced from the music," says Professor Minto, "many of the Irish Melodies are insipid enough, but they were never meant to be divorced; the music was meant, as Coleridge felt when he heard them sung by the poet himself, to twine round them and overtop them like the honeysuckle." Moore was certainly not a lyric poet of the first order, but he has succeeded as well as Burns or Heine, and better than Shelley or Tennyson, in achieving the lyrist's great aim to be not only read but sung.

Photo, J. P. Starling. **Lady Beaconsfield.**

Mr. Gwynn's biography is a model of good sense and good feeling. He cannot under the circumstances avoid appearing as Moore's advocate, but he is careful not to spoil a strong case by undue insistence. He is as far from extenuating as from exaggerating Moore's venial defects as a man and his less pardonable offences as a poet. The most serious of these is unveracity, amounting sometimes to an absolute misrepresentation of the object supposed to be described, as when the clouds are said to be apparently rushing over the moon, instead of the reverse; or in the errors respecting the habits of the swan so humorously exposed in Peacock's review of "The Epicurean." Such inaccuracy is particularly damaging as evincing that Moore was essentially a drawing-room poet, with no participation in the return to nature which is the special glory of the poetry of his age. There is, however, a sphere for the drawing-room poet, which Moore filled to admiration by the best of his original songs apart from the Melodies, and the best of the stinging little satires on political adversaries, from the Regent downwards, which no one since his day has been able to turn out with such sprightly wit and airiness. "Lalla Rookh," his most elaborate effort, is justly condemned by Mr. Gwynn as artificial and deficient in passion, "an example of an extinct taste." It nevertheless abounds in charming fancies, and is excellently qualified to form the delight of "sweet seventeen." Moore's prose writings are the productions of an accomplished man of letters. The most important, the life of Byron, is wonderfully well done, considering that Moore's special advantages were also his special difficulties. Mr. Gwynn justly points out that he had seen little of the later and grander Byron developed after Byron's retreat to the Continent, and had only letters and rumour to guide him. Yet Mrs. Shelley, whose acquaintance with Byron was confined to the later period, wrote to Murray:—"The great charm of the work to me is that the Lord Byron I find there is *our* Lord Byron—the fascinating, faulty, philosophical being—daring the world, docile to a private circle, impetuous and indolent, gloomy, and yet more gay than any other. I live with him again in these pages."

Perhaps the epithet that best fits Mr. Gwynn's volume is *pleasant*: an open and genial book, faultless in taste and temper, and making full use of the ample materials provided by the poet's diary. Criticism and quotation are not neglected; but there is nothing polemical about the former.

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw, R.I. **Frontispiece to Sybil.**
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson.)

and no more of the latter than suffices to establish the injustice of keeping Moore so long waiting, like his own Peri, outside the closed gate of the Paradise of Biography.

R. GARNETT.

THE REAL THIBET.*

Less than a year ago Lhassa was a city of almost legendary dimness, whose mysteries no European had ever profaned. It was the last virgin citadel of the East, and amid the impregnable fastnesses of the Himalayas it seemed safe even from the enterprise of the tourist agent. Then, in a flash, the mysteries of the sacred city were laid bare. The Mission came and went; and Western curiosity, armed with all the resources of civilisation, from the machine gun to the war correspondent, had wrung from the East one of its last secrets. Nothing could have been more strangely symbolical of the whole expedition than the weird scene, half tragedy half farce, when the immemorial gloom of the great hall in the Potala, the Vatican of the Buddhist Rome, was momentarily dispersed by the photographer's flash-light. The veil was lifted only to descend again immediately, and none can say when another European will set foot in Lhassa.

One curious result of this is that to the untravelled, whose knowledge of the world comes only from books, Lhassa is becoming one of the most familiar of cities. The armchair traveller has never had such an opportunity. The simultaneous accounts of the various observers, all written with the pioneer's freedom from prepossession, correct each other and build up a kind of composite picture, soft in outline, but curiously vivid in its main features. The three books which we have selected for notice form a significant contrast. Mr. Perceval Landon, as befits the special correspondent of the *Times*, gives the fullest account of the expedition which has yet appeared or, indeed, is likely to appear. Regarded evidently as the semi-official historian of the Mission, Mr. Landon was fortunate in securing contributions from all the principal persons connected with it. The interest of the Mission was many-sided. Its scientific importance made the task of the correspondent peculiarly difficult. Seldom has there been a campaign in which the actual fighting was so little worth describing. Mr. Landon's wide interests fitted him admirably for his task, and the completeness with which he has summarised the geographical, zoological, and ethnographical results of the expedition cannot fail to make his book the standard work of reference on Thibet. It is fully illustrated and the photogravures are a wonderful example of the photographer's art. Beyond question they are the best photographs of Thibet we have yet seen.

In strong contrast with Mr. Landon's sober and exhaustive history is Major Millington's racy little account of the expedition as it appeared to the Transport officers. Major Millington writes as if the whole expedition was what a schoolboy would call a "rag." He gives no hint of the fatigue and danger of the journey, and appears to regard the work of crossing a pass as high as the summit of Mont Blanc as the greatest fun in the world. "To Lhassa at Last" is a modest and unassuming book, which gives a vivid sketch of the difficulty of transport in an expedition of this nature.

Mr. Savage Landor, whose plucky attempt to reach Lhassa single-handed is too well known to need comment, took no part in the expedition. It is no disparagement, however, of an intrepid mountaineer and daring traveller to say that the illustrations in colour form the most important part of "Thibet and Nepal." Mr. Landor has adapted himself with wonderful effect to the limitations of the three-colour process, and by his broad and simple colouring he has realised the full possibilities of a somewhat difficult medium. Nothing could be better than his rendering of ice and snow and of the deep blue of the sky when seen from high altitudes. Indeed, it needs a mountaineer to appreciate the truth of some of the glacier pictures. The letterpress is vigorous and interesting, but it is a pity that Mr. Landor should have gone out of his way to invite controversy.

* "Lhassa." Perceval Landon. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"Thibet and Nepal." A. H. Savage Landor. 20s. net (A. and C. Black.)

"To Lhassa at Last." Powell Millington. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.*

The biographer of this brilliant Scoto-Irishman had two alternatives; either he could aim at writing a strictly official life of an official, or he could try to produce a vigorous representation of the living personality, in all the breadth and details of temperament and character, as well as public service. Sir Alfred Lyall's own brilliant career, as administrator and writer, proves him equal to the latter. Nor could he complain of lack of material, such as Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," dismissed in a few sentences, and the "Songs, Poems, and Verses" which her son edited, with a sketch of his mother and of the Sheridan family, in 1893. But Sir Alfred Lyall has confined himself to the humbler official task, as Anglo-Indian administrators are too apt to do. Lord Dufferin, though of a Fifeshire family, had three centuries of Irish descent, and the Sheridan blood was strong in him. Those who knew his charm as a talker, his Irish humour and wit amounting to genius while sometimes dashed with blarney, his judgment of character and love of hitting it off in a word, will not find the man here, in all his power and attractiveness. Occasionally something of this is allowed to flash through the narrative of his many high diplomatic experiences, and to be seen in his letters to his family and intimate friends. But the "Life," as here sketched, is that of the somewhat silent Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Constantinople, to Rome and Paris; is the memorial of the Viceroy of Canada and India, on official lines. Anecdotes and personal sketches, fun and causerie are rarely found in these pages, although all his friends identified him with them in his daily life.

Short of this, Sir Alfred Lyall has produced a valuable addition to biographical literature. Especially suggestive are the chapters on Lord Dufferin's first noteworthy service to the Empire and to humanity in Syria and in Egypt, and on his latest four years' career as Governor-General of India, and conqueror of Burma. The Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 led the young Peer and Lord-in-Waiting to write: "If

* "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." By the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall. With Portraits and Illustrations. In Two Volumes. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

it were not for my mother I would set off to-morrow, in order to have a share in avenging those poor ladies." After a tour in the Mediterranean and Damascus he was sent out in 1860 as the representative of Great Britain on the Joint Commission, appointed by the Five Powers to restore peace to the Lebanon after the conflict between the Druses and Maronites had imperilled the Christians. For once the Turks were compelled to execute the five great Ottoman officers responsible for the Damascus murders. After long discussions with his colleagues, and opposition from the dominant officials at Constantinople, Dufferin carried his scheme of placing the Lebanon district under a Christian Governor, nominated by the Porte, but unconnected with the tribes and a stranger to the province. Ever since, that portion of the Turkish Empire has enjoyed just administration and righteous rule. The same precedent would have prevented the Armenian horrors—"the most terrible massacres recorded in modern history"—thirty-five years later, which all the peace-with-honour talk of the Berlin Congress and its solemn responsibilities failed to prevent and to avenge. When the successful young commissioner was promoted to St. Petersburg and then to Constantinople he demanded, in vain, that the Sultan should carry out his convention with England, to reform the administration of Asia Minor. He urged the appointment of a commissioner to Armenia, but none of the other Powers supported England, with the result of the Armenian massacres of 1898. He found some atonement for a failure, which Great Britain tolerates to this day, in laying the foundation at least of that renascence of Egypt which Lord Cromer has since so splendidly fostered and developed. It is Dufferin's glory that he began the salvation of half Syria and all Egypt from the Turks, and would have saved Armenia also but for France and Germany. His reward for Syria was the offer of the Governorship of Bombay, with the reversion of the Governor-General's seat, so early as 1861. "If I had gone my mother would have been after me in six months; and the climate would have killed her." She was even more ambitious for him than he was for himself. When Lord Elgin died so unexpectedly, at a critical time soon after, the Duke of Argyll wrote to him that only John Lawrence's name stood in competition with his for the appointment.

Not till 1884, however, did the other demands of the Empire upon him allow of his appointment to the highest office, next to that of Premier, a British subject can fill. With the early experience of an Under Secretary of State for India and that of the Viceroy of Canada, he settled down in Calcutta. Like nearly all his predecessors, he spoke, at the usual farewell banquets, only of peace. "Famous Indian Pro-Consuls no longer startle their countrymen by the annexation of provinces and the overthrow of dynasties," the new Viceroy declared. It fell to him, in the four short years of his administration, to annex Upper Burma, an empire larger than France, and to overthrow its intolerable dynasty. This was at once the greatest and the most humane achievement of his long life, by which he completed the similarly noble work of the Marquis of Dalhousie thirty years before. He wiped out the unspeakable misrule of Theebaw in ten days, without shedding a drop of such blood as that monarch and his queen had delighted to spill. His promptitude and vigour were directed by his diplomatic familiarity with the intrigues of France, which seduced the weak sovereign of Burma to his ruin. He had Roberts, fortunately, for his Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Charles Aitchison and Sir Charles Bernard, former and later Chief Commissioners of British Burma, for his advisers. He always made full use of his advisers, whether in Council or the Secretariat, empowering them to work up to the fullest measure of responsibility. But in this decision to annex and overturn, for the good of the oppressed people, he acted on his own judgment, and was supported by the Cabinet. When the new country had to be organised as a part of a vast British province—for it was impossible to follow our custom of enlisting the population in local regiments, because of the repugnance of the Burmese to discipline—the vigilant Governor-General spared neither troops nor police from India proper, backed by British soldiers, to suppress the disturbances which had been chronic under the native government. It took Lord Dalhousie's chosen

From a Drawing by Byam Shaw, R.I.

Frontispiece to Vivian Grey.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson.)

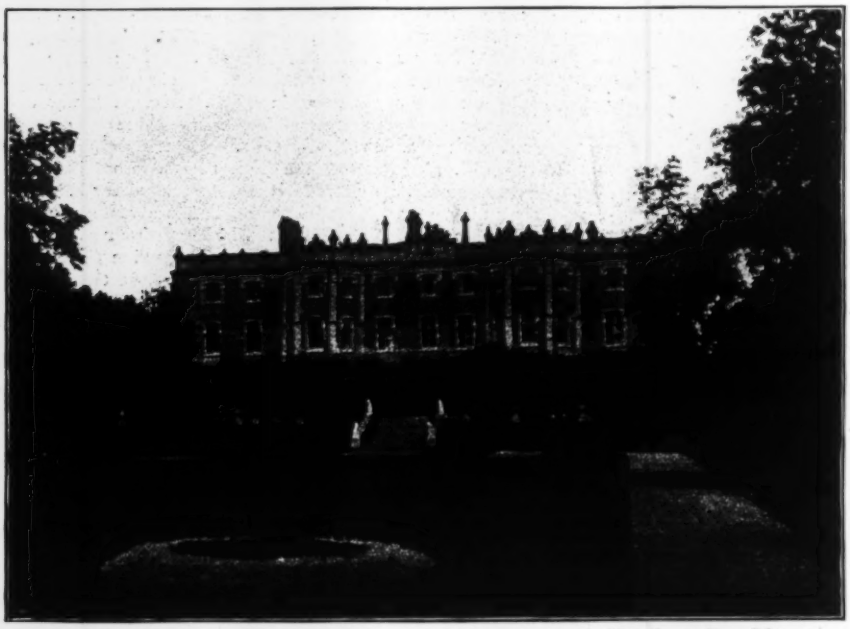
lieutenant, Sir Arthur Phayre, three years to effect the same pacification in the smaller territory of Pegu. When defending himself against the hasty criticism of ignorance, he not only recalled that, but he pointed to untamed Ireland, with its enormous army and efficient constabulary. It is not men and money so much as time and the resources of civilisation on which reliance must chiefly be placed. His whole policy and action have been magnificently justified by the results. Dalhousie and Dufferin between them have converted the region of Burma and the Shan States, the size of France and the United Kingdom, from the desolation caused by bloodshed and tyranny, into the finest province of the Far East, the granary of Southern Asia.

Even more satisfactory than his pacification of the Burmese, for the first time in their history, was Lord Dufferin's diplomatic management of the Peking authorities. Their claim to the Suzerainty of Burma, which would have given perpetual trouble, was for ever disposed of by an exchange. They consented to forego it, if the Government of India would not then press them in Tibet. In 1886 it was easy for us to make this arrangement, because there was then no question of Russian interference. That precipitated the action of Lord Curzon for the highest ends. Lord Dufferin's view was no less emphatic than his, that any other European Power must be prevented from obtaining a foothold within the Asiatic States situated on the borders of our actual possessions. The whole frontier from the Persian Gulf to the China Sea must have its glacis neutralised, in the interests of the peoples for whose peace and prosperity we are responsible, and of the Empire which creates and guards the civilisation of the dark races. Dufferin's whole action in Afghanistan, his reception of the Ameer Abd-ur-Rahman, whom he fascinated, and his prevention of war with Russia over the Penjdeh aggression, entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen and all lovers of peace. Now, when his successor and the envoy sent to Kabul are reaping the fruit, we can the better appreciate these words of Dufferin in 1888, when he wrote of reaching Kandahar, and made the Bolan Pass railway: "Quetta is to be converted into a regular arsenal, fully provided with stores and all the material of war." That was done, Peshawar and Rawal Pindi are similarly equipped, and Lord Kitchener's reorganisation of the army of India is completing our readiness for action, defensive and offensive.

Photo, J. P. Starling. **Disraeli's Study at Hughenden.**

Sir Alfred Lyall has added to the value of this Biography by recording in a brief appendix the formation of the Lady Dufferin Fund, inaugurated in Simla in 1885 as "The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." I should like to tell the full story of its origin and success to the present hour—how the Maharani of Panna, when cured by an English lady, begged her physician to take home a letter to the Queen Empress, that Her Majesty might be moved to send out and to heal the women of India in sickness and child-bearing. This the Queen charged the new Viceroy's wife to do, and nobly did she carry out the trust. Following the example of the Christian Medical Missionaries, in all save direct proselytism forbidden by our rule of neutrality, Harriot, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava still helps and rejoices in the benevolent work of saving thousands of sufferers of her own sex, and of training not a few of them to be themselves nurses and physicians. Her portrait, from the picture by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., in 1889, adorns the book. Of her husband there are seven portraits taken at different stages of his life.

GEORGE SMITH.



Photo, H. W. Taunt. **Hughenden Manor.**

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.*

The present volume of the Cambridge History illustrates with almost equal force the advantages and the limitations of the system upon which the work has been planned. Its merits are the high character of the individual articles; its demerits that history is cut up into fragments after such a fashion that a general view of the movements or tendencies of any one period tends to become obscured by the mass of detail. The third volume has the advantage of dealing with an epoch with sufficiently peculiar characteristics of its own to give it a real unity. It treats of the period between the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis and the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, the times of the Counter Reformation, or, as the editors prefer to call it, of the Wars of Religion. Its individual articles are all of high character, and the editors are to be congratulated on the large extent to which they have been able to enlist specialists in their service. There is not a single weak chapter, and several are of remarkable excellence. Moreover, the editors have managed to reduce to a minimum the redundances and contradictions that confronted the critical reader in some of the earlier instalments of the book. Altogether it is a sound and solid piece of work, well and carefully edited. Nevertheless the reader who has worked carefully through its nine hundred pages, will seldom have been taught to put together the various aspects of the period. If there were any general tendencies at work, he will have to find them out for himself. Even the partial help, found in other volumes of the Cambridge History from the chapters on international wars and negotiations, is lacking in a period when wars became local and not general, religious struggles between rival churches in a single state rather than straightforward contests between nation and nation. The editors were well advised to cause a chapter or two on the general characteristics of the time to usher in the study of the detailed history of the various countries. It is probably too late to alter the plan of the remaining volumes, but as we are told the Cambridge Press purposes to start a mediæval history on similar lines, it is to be hoped that the need for such chapters will not be lost sight of in that work. Indeed, the disadvantages of the sectional treatment of the sixteenth century would be indefinitely multiplied in the mediæval period, when Europe was much more united by common bonds, and when the process of the disintegration of the European commonwealth into nations was only just beginning.

Of the individual articles in this volume it is a pleasure to be able to speak highly. A large proportion of them, as we have said, are by specialists, and we must not expect anything very new when a writer of repute is good enough to

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. III. The Wars of Religion. 16s. net.

summarize for us in a short chapter, investigations which he has already given to the world in more ample form. Thus, Prof. Laughton writes on the "Elizabethan Naval War with Spain," Mr. Sidney Lee on "Elizabethan Literature," and the late Prof. Gardiner on "Britain under James I." in the satisfactory fashion which we should expect from their well known work on these subjects. Mr. Lee's article on the "Last Years of Elizabeth" may be welcomed as his return to historical work in the narrower sense. The only fault we have to find in a very competent piece of condensation is that he does not always make quite clear the position of some of the ecclesiastical parties, especially when he speaks of the Puritans as "dissenters," and not, as they were, a school of thought within the Church, which only broke into open "dissent" in rare instances, and was by no means always characterised even by "nonconformity." (For example, p. 349: "*Like the Puritans*, the Catholics were dissentients from the Established Church.") Of course, Mr. Lee does not really mean this, but it is a pity that he did not write a little more precisely. The other English article, by the late Mr. T. G. Law, is a model of careful condensation and judicious impartiality. It is to be regretted that it has not always been carefully read for the press, as is shown in the quaint blunder on p. 282 of "Hunslow" for "Hunsdon" (repeated by the unsuspecting index maker on p. 895), and, in the preceding line, of "Haworth" for "Naworth," and in one or two other wrong dates and small slips. Having mentioned such trifles, we must add that the rarity of printer's errors and blunders of detail all through the volume speaks well for the vigilance of the editors.

Photo, H. W. Taunt. **A Group at Hughenden about 1874.**

Professor A. J. Butler's article on "The Wars of Religion in France" is interesting and good, but suffers through the writer limiting himself too much to details, and never once stopping to tell us what the French were fighting about. The value of the very full literary articles is somewhat impaired by their isolation from each other, and by the absolute elimination of the history of art from any place in the scheme. It is well to read what Mr. Tilley and Mr. Butler tell us of the effects of the Counter Reformation on literature, but a volume dealing with that movement, which has nothing to say of the Bolognese school of painters, of Palestrina, or of Palladio is singularly incomplete; and, recurring to another point, Count Balzani's remarkable sketch of the work of Sixtus V. does not altogether compensate for the leaving out of all detailed account of the other popes of the period. In the case of Spain, Mr. Martin Hume's article, adequate on its political, is rather thin on some of its literary side, as witness the few words that he devotes to Guevara. Of other articles, a word of special notice should be given to Dr. A. W. Ward's careful and elaborate treatment of German history, to Mr. Edmundson's chapters on the Dutch Republic, and to Mr. R. Dunlop's very readable and judicious treatment of "Ireland to the Settlement of Ulster." Mr. Figgis' article on "Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century," is learned and able, and helps us to understand some general political tendencies of the time. Altogether the work will, despite the difficulties inherent in the scheme, long hold a useful place in our libraries, and repay the thought and care that have been lavished on its production.

T. F. TOUT.

THE TRAIL.*

Mr. Edward Stewart White and Mr. Jack London are both American, and both of them write of a return to primitive conditions as they are found in the West. This has been deemed sufficient for elaborate comparisons between these writers. That any comparison is called for, or helpful, is problematical, because as a matter of fact Mr. London and Mr. White have only superficial resemblances. Mr. London packs his tale with "adventures," in which terrible fellows take glorious part; whereas Mr. White does not deal in "adventures." His books are quiet, reserved, suggestive, and charged with the true romance. At the same time he, like Mr. London, has a note which expresses or insinuates that the town-bred people are but a puny lot, and that Life is to be found in its most romantic forms only at the outposts of civilisation. Mr. London has adventured in strange places; and Mr. White, in his new book, "The Mountains," makes clear that he, too, has full title to write of the "real thing" as it is in certain Western Sierras. One finds such sentences as these: "I once was engaged with a crew of cowboys in rounding up mustangs in Southern Arizona," "In the Black Hills years ago I happened to be one of the inmates of a small mining camp." A man who writes in that way commands at once the attention and interest of those who dwell in towns and whose most important adventures may have taken place in (say) the Strand or the Twopenny Tube. "The Mountains" purports to describe a trip in the Sierras, but the trip is not reported with any continuity or closeness; it is used merely as a peg from which Mr. White hangs his descriptions, reflections, and comments on the high lands that know no cities and are far from all touches of civilisation. The book deals with the Trail. Readers of his previous works know how he can write about that, investing it with a fascinating, subtle, and curious charm; and "The Mountains" shows that he is still keenly attracted by the subject he knows so well. Those familiar with his books will not be surprised to learn that there is no "story," that maudlin sentiment is absent, and that the chapters soothe and please rather than excite or thrill. He has a mastery over words; but it is not the mastery of the stylist whose searching after style is apparent and jarring in every sentence. Mr. White has a distinguished and reserved style, but it is the kind of style that does not insist on itself to the hurt of what there is to be said. One feels that Mr. White is much more interested in what he has to say than in the way he says it. He says it simply, convincingly, clearly, and well. The book is a quiet, emphatic realisation of the spirit of the Western Mountains. The task to which Mr. White set himself was one of the utmost difficulty, and he has accomplished it with the utmost success. "The Mountains" comes as a thing conspicuously fresh and delightful.

DAVID HODGE.

* "The Mountains." By Edward Stewart White. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)

Lord Beaconsfield.
From a Statuette modelled in Paris, 1878-9, by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, in the National Portrait Gallery.
Rischgitz Collection.

ROUND THE WORLD.*

Any man can go a voyage round the world and write a book about it when he gets home again; a good many men do, but most of them ought not to, for it is not one in a thousand that has eyes or the desire to see more than the guide-books tell him to look at, and fewer still have so much of cunning in the use of words that they are able to give colour, atmosphere, or anything of living realism to the story of their travels when they come to write it. Sir Frederick Treves is of that very small minority. He has written in "The Other Side of the Lantern" one of those not too plentiful "travellers' tales" that really ought to have been written, for it is interesting and amusing from first to last, and you are the wiser for having read it.

The title is simply the embodiment of a quaintly fanciful conceit that the author casually annotates in a line or two of preface. "A paper lantern, round and red, hangs under a cloud of cherry blossom in a Japanese village. There is a very familiar flower symbol painted upon one side of it. Some children have crossed the green to see what is on the other side of the lantern. A like curiosity has led to the writing of this trivial book." The larger sections of the record are devoted to India and Japan. Starting from Tilbury in a November fog, we are carried out across the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, making flying calls at this and that place by the way, and so to India for a lengthier sojourn, to Burmah, Ceylon, China, Japan, and round by America home. Everywhere it is the people who interest Sir Frederick more than the scenery, though the scenery interests him, too, and nothing of the beauty or the strangeness or the wonder of it seems to escape him. Gossiping delightfully one minute of the history or traditions of the place he is visiting, the next he is noting some exquisitely or grotesquely characteristic feature of the street or the town, and all the while he is acutely and most sympathetically alive to the smallest and obscurest of the little comedies and tragedies that are happening about him daily wherever he passes. He knows how to observe and how to describe what he observes, and his descriptions bite into the memory so that certain sights and sounds that haunted him haunt you also after you have closed the book. There still, as he sketched her in a casual three or four lines, is the little Japanese girl-mother holding her baby up laughingly, and calling to it to look at the fish-shaped pennon fluttering bravely in the wind, and you wonder at the baby's curious impassiveness till you notice with a shock that it is blind. There is that light, musical "babble of the clogs" heard in the streets of the Japanese city—the sound is made so audible in the brief paragraph that describes it that hereafter if ever you hear it in reality it must seem familiar to you.

There are no long and laboured descriptive passages, but the book abounds in brilliant and vividly impressionistic word-pictures, such as this of the departure from Tilbury: "The Thames creeps from under the fog, as if it came forth from a tunnel. Here at Tilbury it is a villainous tramp of a river. Dirty, sullen, and strong, it lurches down to the sea. It seems to revel in its dirtiness, for every eddy it turns up brings from the depths fresh realisations of a deeper dirt. It rubs its muddy shoulders along the shrinking banks, so that they are soiled by its touch. Mud and mist replace the glories of stream and sky. Where there may have been fields trodden by leisurely folk, with stiles for them to rest at and hedgerows for them to make love among, there are gullies and dykes of slime, a village of dismal sheds, and a spinney of cranes and derricks. The very grass, struggling up among ashes and rusting iron, looks lean and dissipated."

Take, by way of contrast, the description of the Taj Mahal built on the banks of the Jumna by the Emperor Shah Jahan "over the remains of his wife Arjumand Banu, the wife of his youth." . . . "It stands aloft on its marble platform at the end of the garden causeway, a thing of white against the blue sky. It is poised between the masses of green trees which brush the terrace and the unruffled blue. It is like a white cloud, luminous, intangible, translucent. With the first sight of the Taj Mahal comes only a sense of indefinable pleasure. It is no mere feeling of admiration, still less of amazement, no mere delight in a splendid building, because it does not impress one as a building. There is a sudden vision, and with it a sudden sense of ineffable satisfaction, as if in the place of a marble dome the garden had been filled with divine music. . . . The building is pale and unsubstantial, and its walls appear so thin that the fabric is like a shell. One would imagine that a blast of wind would carry it away, or that it would melt before a vicious rain. There is no background for it but the sky, and in the sky are only wheeling kites."

Nearly all these pen-pictures of buildings and cities and natural scenery are edged with poetry, as the sketches of the various peoples who generally fill the foregrounds, and the comments on their habits of life and thought, are shrewd and suggestive, and informed always with a large humanity.

The book is dedicated, by special permission, to the King, and contains forty excellent illustrations from photographs taken by the author. A. St. John Adcock.

* "The Other Side of the Lantern." By Sir Frederick Treves. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

SPAIN IN ENGLAND.*

If we should meet upon the stairs that awful student of Etruscan Inscriptions I fear greatly that, in spite of the recommended tactics, we should allow him to go, rejoicing. Yet even without that irony which is the natural weapon of many a man—if he be fortunate enough to have Anatole France for his creator—we may, some of us, have sufficient—well! call

* "Spanish Influence on English Literature." By Major Martin Hume. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)

it wisdom to cast a doubt on the student's Latin. But, after all, the conduct which I am advocating is for the use of those individuals who can speak pretty well on the spur of the moment. We need not consider those rarest beings who furnish themselves with a repartee, arrange a meeting, provoke an argument, and lead it up to the fatal point. However, when the student writes a book he gives himself far more into your hands. There are several methods of dealing effectively with him. One of those which now prevails—and a very pleasant one if you yourself should have a happy ignorance of Latin—is to mention the fact (which is undoubtedly of sociological value) that the student has frequent recourse to a toothbrush, or the more æsthetic information that a certain portrait painter has declined—being tactful you will not say why—to immortalize the student's mother. Then again, you may have a theory—say that factories have been found wanting because in picturesqueness they compare unfavourably with a cloaked hidalgo (besides being more difficult to write about). With inconsiderable practice you will take your subject—Etruscan Inscriptions, for that matter—and with a charming digression you will devote your article to a condemnation of factories and a glorification of hidalgos, both of which topics appear quite glamorous to your many and stolid British readers—who think that everyone knows as little as you pretend to concerning their secret romance. When you have finished the factories, flout other aspects of civilisation; assert that woad is the only wear, and if at some personal inconvenience you resolve to prove it—I suppose that even in your own garden the stolid British law would run, and hale you forth to publicity.

But for the moment I will avail myself of none of these, although the temptation is peculiarly severe. Major Martin Hume is understood to know as much about Spain and Spanish history and language as Mr. George Wyndham knows of the language of the Picts, and I have no doubt that Major Hume knows a great deal more, seeing that he has written at least one book in the most admirable Spanish, whereas Mr. Wyndham has turned the Pictic language (which now consists of five words) to no such purpose. Let us assume, then, that all things Spanish are an open book to Major Hume—and here we may find a loophole, for it is possible that when such a specialist sets out to write about "Spanish Influence on English Literature" he will see that influence more widely exerted than anyone else, perhaps even more widely than has been the case. Manifold are the complications of "literary influence," for we must distinguish the great winds of thought—such as the Renaissance—which do not blow from any land but, even as love in the thoughts of youth, bend all men equally. Still, on the other hand, if one character be given out of one land or literature into another literature there is influence, however small. Such, in "Love's Labour Lost," is the character of Don Adriano Armado, which, as Major Hume captivatingly shows, must have been taken from Antonio Perez, an exiled Spaniard. This is, indeed, an admirable case, for Antonio was in very life no less a true Spaniard than the shrugging but vivacious foreigner of our drama is a true Frenchman. It is not our business to place upon the stage a person who consumes beef and is very fairly sane, because if he resembles us in so many points we shall not perceive the few wherein we differ; and, broadly speaking, Frenchmen do shrug and are vivacious. Then, if our modern plays are literature and permanent, that Frenchman will exert as durable an influence upon our literature as Antonio Perez, with his affectations, his heroics, and his extravagance. These qualities have been cultivated in England from the days when Lilly wrote his "Euphues"—who knows whether the failure of Perez would have kept away from our literature that obscurity and involution of style which are still sometimes to be met with? Alas! we read that under the didactic influence of Don Alfonso the Learned it was customary for letters, amorous and otherwise, to be so written that no man could easily comprehend them, and in these times we have so fallen that letters of the most unalloyed (because the most careless) love can be comprehended of jurymen. For these and other benefits we got from Spain, such as the mysticism of Fray Luis de Leon which appears in Crashaw, the "Novelas Ejemplares" which were borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher, the peripatetic books and the picaresque which are visible in English work from Fielding to Mark Twain, for "Count Lucanor," which was probably not the germ of the "Taming of the Shrew"—for all these Major Hume will give good arguments. Those who want to learn a great deal about the subject will be sure to study this book, whatever I may say; those others who may like to meet some entertainment will rejoice in the light and sarcastic touch which animates our author's erudition.

HENRY BERNARD.

A NEW PLEA FOR BOWDLER.*

In a very handsomely printed volume Mr. Street has collected a second instalment of his fugitive essays, which contain sporadically a great deal well worth resurrection. For he really has something to say—something really of his own. When, strangely often, he says things which for years I have been scolded for saying, he finds me cold. It may be that "invincible ignorance" is too morose to welcome a comrade. But when I think him flatly wrong, he interests, he rouses, he challenges. A good sign this; so few now are worth quarrelling with. Not that I would try ever so briefly to "have words with him" in a single column; but his protest against Bowdlerism shall not go without a hurried counterblast. The subject is too vast to embrace here—too thorny to penetrate; I only ask Mr. Street to weigh one point. Pornography and all vile books which cannot do an atom of good and must do worlds of harm, we both, I suppose, agree to hand over to the Destroying Angel, Mr. Stipendiary and his detective sprites. But there remain piles of excellent, wholesome old books, some which every man ought to read, others which most men like to read, and which are sometimes disfigured, and sometimes—I say it boldly—improved by indecency and coarseness.

* "Books and Things." By G. S. Street. 6s. (Duckworth and Co.)

Engraved by W. Roffe from a Photo by J. Hughes. Rischgitz Collection.

Lord Beaconsfield.

Memorial to Lord Beaconsfield in Hughenden Church.

Photo, J. P. Starling.

And that whether they touch the Ark in honest plain-speaking or for pure fun. Why blush? Is it not true that every clean-hearted humorist, from primate to blackamoor, laughs (or tries not to laugh) at a good story, seasoned with impropriety or profanity? Why, I myself have heard profane wit from saintliest lips, and immaculate Paterfamilias wax Falstaffian after Mamma has taken her candle. The philosophy of it all lies in a nutshell. Incongruity is the trigger of laughter. Compound your powder of the Farcical and the Solemn, then—bang!—*solvuntur tabulæ!* For this reason, and a little perhaps from superfluity of naughtiness, we delight on the sly to touch our two English Arks, Religion and Propriety—nay, even slap them in sport, believing that they have stood and will yet stand any amount of knocking about. Think for yourself—why are the Parson, the Doctor, and the Old Maid the invaluable protagonists of the *bonne histoire?* Or again; a villainous Street Arab falls on a slide. Who laughs? No one. It is—"Poor boy! Don't cry!" But watch Archdeacon Pompous as he slithers, flounders, and capsizes—and the covey of tracts fluttering and settling down on him! Or Mrs. Grundy, flourishing her calves over her head—("My *darned* pair too! . . . Go away, Man! Let me die!")—she, who ever blushed to reveal her boot toes! Why, the Pope himself, "holding both his sides," and giving himself absolution on the spot, would own that he wouldn't have missed the fun for anything. Or again, if it had been the soap-dish or the water-bottle that Mr. Shandy fondled on his bed of despair—but enough! the kernel of the matter is just this. Draw close the seemly veil, and lift its fringes only in admonition, or when the heart is too brimfull of mirth to leave room for evil. There, the nutshell is empty now. Throw it away!

Our difficulty is—as always—the ladies. We will grant that those who, as the saying goes, know all there is to know—and how little that all is, stript of the glamour of secrecy!—the sensible wife and mother, the maiden who has taken honours in physiology, may read such books just as men do. Granted, that with others it is a matter of degree. But my point is not that. I am thinking rather of the intellectual converse and exchange of ideas between men and women. If we are to enlarge their minds and they refine ours, there must be a fair, equal, open give and take of thought. Not that I would revive the days when the grave Montesquieu could write folly at the request of a *grande dame*, and Diderot's indecencies lay openly on the toilet. But surely it is ill that a philosopher, much less a student, cannot discuss and share with modest women what is precious and irreproachable in books which it is insult to infer that they have read. Nor can I conceive any reformed society in which this would be permitted. Here then is the true office and work of Bowdler—not to purify our minds, but open our lips. And the rule is this. Some books, like Rabelais, are impossible. But expurgate for popular use the books which, like the best ancient and modern classics, *must* be read, and any other where the impropriety is a superfluity or a mere habit of the times. (What harm if the reader does think our ancestors more reticent than they were?) I will not refine the point, but take a case. Shakspere's obscenity—yes, obscenity—is gross. And, what is more, it is essential, indispensable to the completeness of his map of humanity. (A concession to the deplorable usage of his Age, you say. Nonsense! The Age did not prescribe; it merely *allowed* him to pourtray the profligate, coarse-minded, and foul-mouthed types as faithfully as the others. Dickens was not allowed—I do not regret it—and so his Low Life is a false, idealized record, ready Bowdlerized for us.) Well, are not these shocking plays read aloud in our drawing-rooms, discussed at our tea tables? Do they not afford common ground for unreserved, diverting and wholesome talk between young men and women? A lady blushes *not* to have read them. Now, is this no gain for women and for us? And to Bowdler we owe it—to the convention that ladies have only read and seen acted an expurgated version. So, too, it is with Chaucer; then why not with the lesser lights, especially modern books? Mr. Street pleads that the "Creevey Papers" were not written for ladies; but ladies read them—tempted in some cases by his charming review. And, far as I am willing to go with him, I must rejoice if the expurgations have enabled our young Muses and Graces to read the book *aloud*—to poor tired Papa or blind Granny—and to discuss it with the Curate.

Is Bowdlerism a safeguard of morals and of polite literature? Or is it, as Mr. Street thinks, mere prudish impertinence, garbling the truth and fostering hypocrisy? I give up the riddle, being but a poor hand at circle-squaring and Fiscal Reform. It is only because he and his allies and opponents seem to have ignored it that I have laboured this one minor point—the benign work of Bowdler in enlarging the common intellectual ground of the sexes. Mr. Street will pardon me, for otherwise I might have filled this space by strictures on two faults of his, the time he often wastes in warning us what he is and is not going to say, and the occasional modernism of his phrasing—some trains of argument and some sentences I at least could not puzzle out. It remains to endorse in one breath his views on Byron, Sterne, and Fielding (not on the Plays—one or two scenes I think are unrivalled), to disapprove of the inconclusive essay on the Provincial Mind, and to thank him for the many quaint smile-compelling and thought-breeding turns in the later papers. "The microbes of disease" at the political meeting, "swarming so thickly that (as Mr. Bright might have said) you can almost hear the flapping of their wings"—one seems to hear again the voice of Dickens. Y. Y.

SIDE-GLANCES INTO FRENCH LITERATURE.*

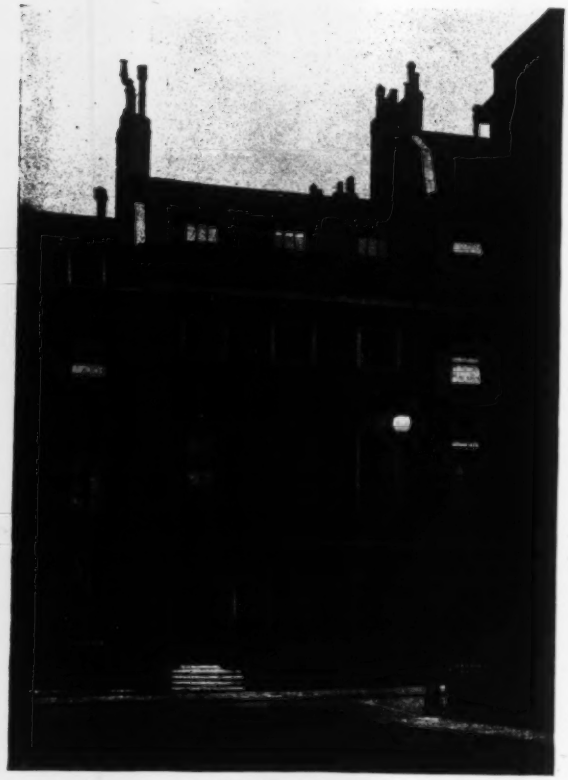
In these sixteen sketches we are asked to look, more or less attentively, on "some curious figures in modern French literature." No one will question the draughtsman's acquaintance with his originals; and his measured, easy style, now and then quite exotic, his feeling for the agreeable, his good nature, his manipulation of the *causerie*, make this pretty volume an entertainment which is also instructive. Curious, the subjects certainly are, unequal in merit as in fame. I am glad to see that Alfred de Vigny, that great neglected poet, occupies the first place and claims high rank, or even the highest, among these figures. Mr. Gosse writes of him with a sympathy and an admiration which will send many to his masterpieces. Nothing better has ever, perhaps, been written by the critic than his chapter on de Vigny, who will remain to the public "perpetually unknown"—an admirable phrase,—but whose lofty rhyme may outlive thousands of Victor Hugo's verses. Besides this important study, there is a chapter dealing with Loti's impressions of travel since 1891, not with his romance; lavish in acknowledgment of his "evasive and limited," but exquisite talent, while admitting that it is not altogether healthy. A much slighter, and to my mind not so successful, treatment of the later Bourget follows. The stories of Ferdinand Fabre, all "scenes of clerical life," are handled with local colour from the Cévennes, pleasantly enough; but I may be permitted to wish that the English annotator knew a little more about Catholic matters, both at this point and when he is discoursing on Bourget's conservative reaction. One very charming story-teller, René Bazin, gets his full meed of praise. M. Anatole France, I think, gets more than his due in a paper to which I shall return. Something is added on Alphonse Daudet; the rest of the volume concerns itself with oddities like Verlaine, Mallarmé, Verhaeren, and Henri de Régnier; with Zola's short stories, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Mlle. Aïssé. To this gallery of character-pieces the author gives an introduction or a setting in his lecture delivered at Paris on "The influence of France upon English Poetry."

Can we, now, accept without qualifying it the peculiar method of side-lights in literature to which we owe these "profiles"? Is there any reason why our "impressions" should be "in general harmony with the tradition of French criticism," as Mr. Gosse maintains? What do we want of our guide to foreign classics? Echoes of the native judgment? Not by any means always. We ought certainly to be told what the home verdict is; but our demand goes beyond this and includes comparison with literature as a whole. Mr. Gosse, for a motive which the modern French author brings into play more than any other that ever lived and wrote, deprecates our applying to him the "Puritan" standard. But we must, in turn, deprecate this question-begging word. Many of us are not, and never were, Puritans. Yet, when we come from the best Latin and Greek, from English or Italian works of genius, to the French, we remark one vital difference, and where is the wrong in dwelling upon it?

* "French Profiles." By Edmund Gosse. 4s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

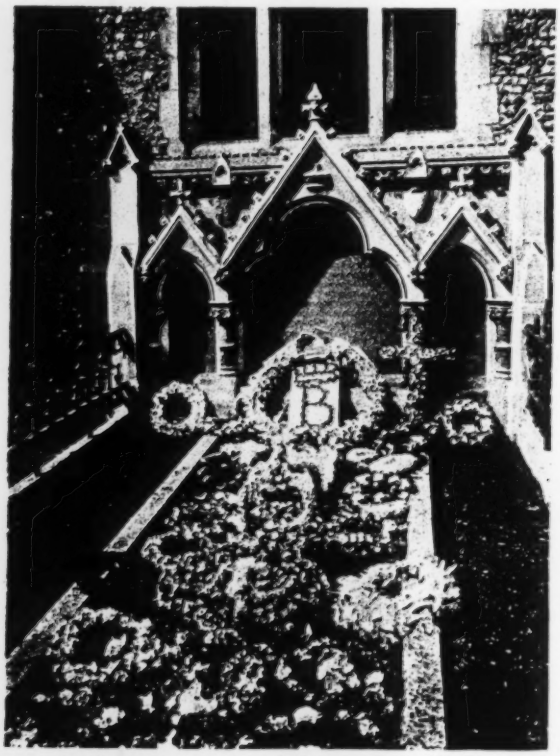
Statue of Lord Beaconsfield in Westminster Abbey.

Rischgitz Collection.



19, Curzon Street, Mayfair.
Where Lord Beaconsfield died in 1881.
Rischgitz Collection.

True, our Chaucer and Shakespeare, not to mention lesser names, are scarcely immaculate. But that in them which is an accidental stain, in the French has become a purpose, a governing key, and the substance of books beyond counting. Their literary art tends to sink into mere disease. "We have spoken," says Mr. Gosse, "of a strong spiritual digestion; but most of the romances of the latest school require the digestion of a Commissioner in Lunacy, or of the matron in a Lock hospital."



Photo, H. W. Taunt. **Lord Beaconsfield's Grave.**

These words are a severe but just indictment. Do they smack of the Puritan? Let us clear our minds of anti-Pharisaic cant. When literature has fallen into this putrid state, nothing will serve it but the fire. Is it art for art? If so, the blaze in which it is burnt up cannot be too furious. We have no need of refined corruption. But, observes Mr. Gosse, there is the "irony" of M. Anatole France. That entertaining writer, it would seem, holds that two things are of importance in life, beauty and goodness, which gospel he recommends by telling us to "be simple and be deceived," to feed on our "stupid, august, and wholesome errors," to know that intellect is vain and our absurd traditional prejudice the only salvation. Irony in literature, scepticism in thought,—make up these into the mixture called "Le Lys Rouge," and you will be convalescent from your long attack of Liberal science. Or, to illustrate by a famous example, preach religion in the "Tale of a Tub," recommend delicacy of mind and manner from the fable of the Yahoo, be clean after the fashion of Swift, whose vitriol scorched and consumed the tender human flesh on which it fell. That is all very fine. We know the explanation of Swift's unpleasantness; it was pathological, and half his volumes bear traces which no doctor could misunderstand. The French "ironist" belongs to a school, not one whit less infected by disease, in Zola gross and horrible, in Barbey eccentric, in Maupassant distinctly insane towards the end, in others abnormal. The elegant style is but an affair of dialect. "It is a book," Mr. Gosse tells us of the "Histoire Comique" by M. France, "in which the personages, with the greatest calmness, do and say the most terrible things, and the irony consists in the mingled gravity and levity with which they do and say them." Quite so. We may note the same combination in young Oxford undergraduates who want to vex the Dons; but when it appears in grown-up literature the conditions are changed. Does anyone take M. France for a master of morals? Or is he not, like every other decadent, doing all he can to heighten the flavour of the forbidden by paradox? It has lately been said, even as regards this "Puritan," this "Anglo-Saxon" country, that "vice is highly organised, immensely wealthy, and increasingly insolent," nay, that "the French Invasion threatens England far more seriously than any other peril." Should these things be true, and they are asserted by capable witnesses, we cannot be too much on our guard against M. Anatole France and his entertaining tribe. Mr. Gosse allows that it would be difficult to recommend a single novel among recent French fiction, apart from René Bazin, for English reading. But he seems to consider that we can criticise the literature of Paris without bringing to bear on it the judgment of healthy human nature. Such was Charles Lamb's whimsical defence or apology for the comic drama of the Restoration. It cannot be taken seriously. No "ironist" that ever jested will persuade us that decadence is noble art or pathology one of the desirable forms of literature. Perhaps Mr. Gosse holds this too, but can he do so without running counter to "the French tradition of criticism," in which he would like to find an appropriate place? WILLIAM BARRY.

THE STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE.*

The reviewer has rarely to complain of editorial modesty, but this magnificent edition of Shakespeare presents a notable exception. To most book-lovers there comes a time when they long for the text and nothing but the text of their favourite classics; when it is a glad relief to listen to the author's voice uninterrupted by the jarring and insistent cries of the commentator and the critic. In the case of Shakespeare this is a pleasure that is unfortunately denied us. We cannot wholly dispense with the services of his emendators. It follows accordingly that our first questions regarding a new edition of the plays must inevitably be, "What is the authority; what are the sources of the text?" On this important point this edition is silent. It bears no editor's name; it has no preface, no footnote, no appendix. But though it enters the world in this naked condition, it may, for all reasons but the one indicated, be unashamed.

* "The Works of William Shakespeare." In ten volumes. Vol. I. 21s. (The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon.)

To the enterprise of Mr. A. H. Bullen it is matter of common knowledge that we owe this choice and valuable edition. On the all-important matters of type, of paper, of binding, of form, Mr. Bullen has plainly lavished the most assiduous care. The result is splendidly successful. When the edition is completed, it will be the most beautiful and most desirable of all the library editions of the works of Shakespeare. We can pay it no higher compliment than to express our opinion that it justifies its right to bear the imprint of Stratford-on-Avon.

In the absence of any editorial confidences, our description of the text must be mainly conjectural. To judge from the first volume, we infer that Mr. Bullen's intention is to follow the general plan of Dyce's edition. The text, too, is substantially that of Dyce, but Mr. Bullen has made an independent recension. Thus in "The Tempest," where Dyce adopted sixty-six emendations, Mr. Bullen, in all but fifteen cases, reverts to the reading of the folio. This is so excellent a procedure that we can almost forgive the efforts at its concealment. In nearly every case, except that of a few well-known cruces, the changes carry with them assent; they are all for reason, and against a peddling and pedantic uniformity. Mr. Bullen's method is in agreement with the mature opinion of Johnson: "I collated all the folios at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first. . . . It has been my settled principle that the reading of the ancient books is probably true. . . . As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less."

In reading Shakespeare for pleasure, the Stratford edition will always be used by its possessors. They will do so in the assurance that they are using a good and sound text. But the student, as we have said, cannot, if he would, rest content with an authority without its evidence. We shall hope that Mr. Bullen may be able yet to remove this one defect of his sumptuous edition. At the end of the tenth volume we may hope to find a reference list of all the new and old variants adopted. No one will complain if Mr. Bullen, in pursuance of his excellent general plan, relegates this to a humble appendix in the smallest type. To the light-hearted general reader of Shakespeare it is an excrescence and a bore; to the rest it is a necessary evil.

J. H. LOBBAN.

SCOTLAND IN COLOUR.*

Three new issues in Messrs. Black's "Beautiful Books" series are fresh evidence of its popularity. Quite a spate of colour books have poured from the press of late, and the public appear to welcome them, although it is doubtful if the craze, especially for the more pretentious volumes, will last very much longer. Still, it would be difficult to find, so far as Scotland is concerned, three works at once so charming and informative as those which are now before us. Each of them, let it be said, is well worth having for its own sake. To write—that is to write *well*—on Scotland, or on subjects purely Scottish, is manifestly a Scot's prerogative, and one is glad to know that the three authors here are Scots to the core. Mr. Hope Moncrieff is probably better known to the literary world as "Ascot R. Hope," a name dear to schoolboy readers everywhere. Mr. Sanderson is a Tweedsider, and editor of the *Border Magazine*, a bright little monthly of ten years' standing. Of Miss Masson, it is sufficient to say that she is the daughter of her father, Professor Masson, still happily with us. Of the artists—and in this series the illustrations take precedence somewhat of the letterpress—so much cannot be said. Messrs. Fulleylove and Palmer, practised illustrators both, are Southron-born, so that the honours of the Scottish School are solely with Mr. Dobson. But there is no need to cavil about the colourists. The work of each of them is excellent, and if here and there the pictures appear over-painted to a degree—the tone and atmosphere resembling Italy more than Scotland—still the display is a splendid one, and a not unfaithful one, and next to the scenes themselves, nothing better or more appreciative could be commended to loyal Scots all the world over. To the over-seas exile there will probably be no more welcome or tenderly-handled gift than any or all of these sumptuous volumes. "Bonnie Scotland" covers the entire mainland, from Caithness to the Solway—the Islands being promised for a forthcoming companion volume. A dozen chapters deal with the orthodox districts—the Borders, Auld Reekie, Trossachs, Fife, Galloway, etc. Of Mr. Moncrieff's sketches it goes without saying that they are models of their kind—little masterpieces of the descriptive art. The author knows his Scotland as few others. Its literary and historical associations have been his happy hunting-ground for years. Both to the student and the ordinary reader these pages will be found to be full of the most fascinating interest—a veritable treasure-house in all that pertains to "the land of the mountain and the flood." A more entertaining, and gossipy, and comprehensive guide we have not met with. What has been left unsaid counts for little. There are remarkably few errors in the volume, but it should be noted that Bemerside is in Berwickshire, not in the neighbouring county, and that Lady Nairne's song is "Caller Herrin'," not "Caller Haddie." Nor did she write "Duncan Gray," which, of course, is Burns's.

The charm of Miss Masson's monograph is its finely historic setting. To peregrinate the landmarks of both ancient and modern Edinburgh in the company of a writer so much in love with her subject, should be a pleasure and an inspiration to the many readers (for they are sure to be many) of this happily-conceived and well-constructed volume. Edinburgh's story has seldom been more sympathetically told. Of the Castle, founded in Malcolm Canmore's time, through the continuous wars of Wallace and Bruce, to the failure of the Stuart regime, the history, albeit in miniature, embraces practically every item that is worth recalling. The like may be said of Holyrood, and St. Giles'. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is concerned with the multitudinous wynds and "lands" of the city, not so well known, may be, to the average Edinburgher, and almost certainly overlooked by the average tourist. And yet the choicest and weirdest traditions of the metropolis, as was to be expected, meet us continually in this quarter. In the Lawnmarket and down the steep straggling High Street to the Canongate, with its interminable succession of black, cavernous-looking closes, the elite of the land have lived, and held court, and carried on the political and social life of their times right jovially and patriotically. "I cannot help thinking," wrote Scott to Lady Anne Barnard, "on the simple and cosie retreats, where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled." To-day those are, generally speaking, the lowest, grimiest, slummiest habitats of the city. And the modern tourist may well find that the close of his day's wandering leaves him "with a confused impression of a long, squalid street full of draggled women and bare-footed children, of groups of soldiers from the Castle, of carts and cries, of open 'fore-stairs' and street wells, of ancient gabled roofs and of flopping garments hung out of windows on poles to dry, of pious legends and obliterated carvings, of an appalling number of drunken men, and of dark entries giving glimpses of tortuous obscurities, or leading steeply down some narrow tunnel with a flashing vista of the New Town in a blaze of sunshine at the end of it." Of Edinburgh's more notable inhabitants and distinguished visitors—George Heriot, George Buchanan, "Logarithms" Napier, "Bloody" Mackenzie, Allan Ramsay, David Hume, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Burns—Miss Masson revives many a half-forgotten story. Sir Walter Scott has worthily a chapter to himself—one of the brightest in the book. Stevenson, too, has an assured place in every well-ordered sketch of the capital. By the way, the Minto Elliots were somewhat fastidious about the spelling of their name. On page 122 it is given as Elliott. Let it be remembered, however, that

> "The double L and single T
> Descend from Minto and Wolflee;
> The double T and single L
> Marks the old race in Stobs that dwell.
> The single L and single T
> The Eliots of St. Germains be.
> But double T and double L,
> Who they are, nobody can tell."

Following much that is mainly geographical and historical, our colour trio ends appropriately with Mr. Sanderson's pleasant papers. And they are eminently pleasant. Seldom, indeed, have we enjoyed a book so thoroughly. Homely and simple in its style, the work of one conversant to the full

* "Bonnie Scotland." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. 20s. "Edinburgh." Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. Described by Rosaline Masson. 7s. 6d. "Scottish Life and Character." Painted by H. J. Dobson. Described by William Sanderson. 7s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

with every phase of the life that is described—a singularly perfervid Scot—we shall be surprised if this volume does not win an even greater popularity, perhaps, than its neighbours. Its very naturalness should gain for it the goodwill of Scot and Sassenach alike. So much otherwise has been written about Scotland and the Scotch—even by Scotsmen themselves—that it is scarcely to be wondered at if some at least of the national characteristics have formed a kind of butt for good-natured ridicule, or that the name of Scot itself should have become a synonym for "canniness" and "dourness" and other unmentionable qualities affirmed to be possible only north of the Tweed. Mr. Sanderson's work carries with it a thrice-armed contradiction. It is the unanswerable answer to all the "Unspeakable Scots" in Christendom. Though it treats of the homeliest themes and the commonest things in a Scotsman's life—his very pease-meal is not forgotten—there is a winsomeness about it, and a sacredness, too, peculiarly fascinating, compelling the verdict that here is a true-blue Scottish book likely to keep its place for a long while to come as a record of times and customs and oddities, many of which have dropped out, and are dropping out of use, but in whose healthful hey-day the nation grew great and noble and self-respecting. The twenty illustrations, exquisitely reproduced, constitute an art gallery of which any country, far less the pages of a book, may well be proud. W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

AN ACT IN A BACKWATER. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In "An Act in a Backwater" Mr. Benson gives us at least the shock of a surprise. For no one would have expected from the author of "Dodo" a mild and moving story, which we might describe as the apotheosis of *Family Herald* fiction. There is a Colonel, of course, and an Earl's daughter—the former a braggart and a coward, the other an angel of democratic tendencies. The Canon's rebellious artist son falls in love with the Earl's daughter. When fever breaks out in the village, the Earl's daughter is to be found by the bedside of the humblest, and the Canon's artist son is meanwhile heroically watching over the illegitimate child of his oldest friend. To complete the pathos Mr. Benson cruelly causes the charming village spinster to die of cancer. The plot of the book is banal to a degree, and only the obvious sincerity and seriousness of much of it forbid our consideration of it as an extravagant skit. The characterisation is often excellent, and, thanks to Mr. Benson's skill, the story makes very agreeable reading. But the wit in the book is not sufficient to save it from being not only surprising, but a little ridiculous. Mr. Benson is not at his best in a backwater. He is more himself in a house-boat on the Thames.

THE SYSTEM. By Percy White. 6s. (Methuen.)

"All instruction must be founded on pure reason. The supernaturalism which the present system took for granted must be banished from the text-books of the young." This was the key of Mr. Carey Butler's system of revolutionising the education of England. Miss Marion Deacon described the school as one "in which the Bible will take the place that Matthew Arnold allows it in 'Literature and Dogma.'" The brilliant son of a good Tory squire, Carey Butler's mission in life was to annoy his family by his eccentricities. First of all he consorted with the Radical, Rugg; then he ran an advanced newspaper; finally he started his school on "the system." The possibilities for comedy in all this are obvious, and Mr. White makes excellent play with them. The school, with Carey's usual blundering, was planted right in the midst of his ancestral neighbourhood, to the horror of his sister and the vicar's wife, and to the quiet amusement of the father, who secretly applauded his son's independence and admired his genius. Marion Deacon, the attractive assistant, played havoc with the school. One pupil fell in love with her, another—a young Chadband—kept a severe eye on her relations with the headmaster. Carey Butler's system ended in his marriage with the tactful Marion, and the timely softening of the paternal heart ended the financial difficulties of the reformer and his bride. The story sometimes borders on farce, but there is much genuine wit in it, and many shrewd and sarcastic studies of very diverse characters.

TALES OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto.)

This volume of thirteen stories entitles Mr. Bennett to very high rank among the diminishing number of practitioners of a difficult art. The short story is to the novelist what the sonnet is to the poet, the miniature to the artist. He has to carve, as Johnson said, on cherry stones. Of Mr. Bennett's performance at its best, as exemplified in this volume, there cannot be two opinions. Of the technique of his craft he is quite a master. He has an admirable command both of humour and of pathos; the local colour and dialect of the "Five Towns" he uses effectively, and never in excess. The art, too, is always successfully concealed. There is no straining after effect in the matter either of description or of epigrammatic talk. "His Worship the Goosedriver" and "The Dog" attain a high level of comedy; "The Sisters Qita" and "The Elixir of Youth" touch lightly but surely on keys of a deeper note. Every one of the stories is of high quality, and all are written with a gusto and freshness that in these days come with the appeal of a delightful novelty. If short stories generally were as good as Mr. Bennett's, publishers would soon be outbidding one another for the "drug in the market."

THE BELL IN THE FOG. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Gertrude Atherton dedicates her new volume to "The Master, Henry James," and in the initial story (for this is a collection of short stories) she has seemingly modelled her hero on the "Master" himself. The "Orth" of the tale is a great American author living in England, one whose "subtleties might not always be understood, but the musical mystery of his language, and the penetrating charm of his lofty and cultivated mind, induced raptures in the initiated." It is a delicate, skilfully touched-in tale, hinting at re-incarnation. The devotion of the fastidious man to the little girl who bears so close a resemblance to a portrait in the newly-bought ancestral home, is realisable and beautifully written, while the child's spirituality is admirably suggested. The other stories are for the most part rather gruesome, with that gruesomeness which gains popularity, a shiver without too great a shock. "The Tragedy of a Snob" is an exception to this, and in her narrative of the young American's yearning and attempt to storm his country's "best" society, Gertrude Atherton is perhaps her most brilliant self. She pictures the "battle for a soap-bubble" wittily, yet with a kind understanding of the seriousness of the tragedy.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Pett Ridge is one of those writers, rare enough in these days of scientific "booming," who have not received the attention they deserve. Some day, we are convinced, the public and the critics will awake to the discovery that he combines unfailing humour with a power of minute and accurate observation. "Next-Door Neighbours" is a collection of short sketches, fragmentary enough, but knit together by the similarity of background. They are thumbnail sketches of humble life in a great city, simple, humorous, and instinct with the true pathos which is half laughter and half tears. As regards construction, Mr. Pett Ridge falls short of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, but in the brightness and effectiveness of his dialogue he can bear comparison with the author of "Light Freights." Primarily a humorist, Mr. Pett Ridge does not escape the danger that besets all humorists, the danger of never being taken seriously. We laugh at the verbal dexterities of the dialogue, until we reach a state of such boisterous merriment that we miss the subtle touches of character and the excellence of the descriptive passages. For the author of "Next-Door Neighbours" is a keen observer, with an eye for the picturesque, in what appears to many mere commonplace bricks and mortar, the dull homes of dull people. Mr. Pett Ridge selects the right detail with the instinct of the true artist, and some of his descriptions, rarely longer than a paragraph, are little gems, etchings of London life. No student of city life can afford to neglect Mr. Pett Ridge, and no reader of Mr. Pett Ridge can afford to miss "Next-Door Neighbours."

SMALILOU. A Novel. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Yoxall is once more amongst the gipsies. Smalilou is the heiress of a Welsh squire, who is spirited away from her home when a child, and reared among the gipsies as one of themselves. "Molly Lou" becomes corrupted into "Smalilou." The girl herself becomes passionately devoted to a gipsy highwayman, Culvati, whom she imagines to be her brother. In his criminal course, involving, among others, the very relative whose jealous greed prompted her own abduction, the girl's life is involved. The story, which is cast in the eighteenth century, is supposed to be told by a lawyer concerned in the affair, Mr. Humphrey Benyon, by whose efforts justice is done, and Smalilou turned into Mistress Mary Lucinda Dafydd. But the strain of her brother's trial and execution has shattered her reason, and a fascinating story ends on the note of tragic pity. Especially towards the close, Mr. Yoxall's power of narrative is seen to conspicuous advantage, as well as his historical imagination.

UNDER TROPIC SKIES. By Louis Becke. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Here we have life reduced to its simple elements, and our primitive interests and passions set forth in a series of tales of the Pacific and its islands, given us in the easy narrative of which Mr. Becke is a master. Once more we see the sailor, the supercargo, and the trader, the primeval savage, who is not always the black one, the coral reefs and the sunny skies, and all the things that in the hands of the gifted author bring pleasure to the reader of every sex, age, and generation.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LAND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By W. S. Maugham. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Rosarito's kindly wish has been fulfilled, for she called across the gate to Mr. Maugham: "Feliz viage, mi Inglesito." But his travels could not have been otherwise than fortunate, seeing that he goes equipped with an enthusiasm which is not blind, a scorn which is not blinding, and a delightful control of the pen. Humour and philosophy are his, witness the treatment of Malaga; yet, if we may be doubly brutal, he would be disenchanted, for among the most fair and peccable Sevillanas it is the fashion to have Malaga for a birthplace. What we most of all admire in this book, appropriately bound in the colours of the Virgin, are not the descriptions of Seville and Cordova, which have often (but seldom so well) been given; we prefer that ride through the neighbouring country, with the glimpse of Luisiana, where the German colonists of Charles III. seem to have lost more of their traits than have those Suabian colonists whom one may still encounter in the low regions of the Volga, making mustard. And, talking of rivers, how much more thrilling it would have been if Mr. Maugham, instead of another description of the bull fight, had bathed in the upper reaches of the Guadalquivir, where he would have found that the yellow is not so much actual and local mud as an equivalent of those perfumes which reveal to you where the wind has wandered. The strange personage who confesses to nearly a hundred years and lives in five boats would have gladly rowed one of them against that tremendous current and conversed in good Spanish what time Mr. Maugham was dressing. But alas! our author chose the line of less resistance. *Que hombre!* think you there are many words in the dictionary of Rosarito?

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES. By Albert F. Calvert. With numerous portraits, etc. The Tercentenary Edition. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

One of the brightest wits in England the other day, speaking of the difficulty of visualising the author of "Don Quixote," said: "Cervantes is not a body, but a mind. Don Quixote is the real man, whose mental and physical peculiarities are familiar to us. We should know him as an old friend wherever we met him. That is enough for any man's immortality; why seek to resuscitate his creator?" When an author thus merges his personality, and crystallises his own doings and sufferings to endow with lasting life a being of his brain, the writer in his own person can afford to rest unstirred in his earthly grave, sure of immortality in his work. The best "Lives" of such men are usually but critical records of their works, charts of their mentality, not attempts to reproduce the grosser facts of their corporeal existence. Shakespeare and Cervantes evade us as men, and the wisest of their biographers are content to treat them as minds only, for, after all the patient delving in forgotten archives, and the brilliant reconstruction of their period, we should not recognise them if we met them in the flesh. The author of the slight little book before us, greatly daring, has endeavoured, by piecing together the scraps of information gathered from other modern writers, especially from Mr. H. E. Watts and Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, to present to the ordinary unlearned English reader a picture of Cervantes, the man, as he lived. The attempt, though well meant, is not eminently successful for the reason already referred to, nor is it quite obvious that Mr. Calvert possessed the qualities of special learning and enthusiasm for his subject which would justify the attempt, even if the material were abundant. The result is a book evidently made up for the occasion of the Quixote Tercentenary, with reproductions of some poor early lithograph and other illustrations, several apocryphal portraits of Cervantes, and some early title pages of his works. To people who wish to learn in a hurry something of Cervantes, the book may be useful; but others will prefer to go for their information to the sources whence practically all the facts, and most of the opinions, here given are drawn, sometimes with, but oftener without, acknowledgment. The sources of the appendices, which occupy a third of the book, certainly should have been stated. Mr. Calvert's next work must be the result of more patient labour and research than either his handsome recent book on the Alhambra, or the little compilation now before us, if he is to take the place in literature to which he evidently aspires.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. (Duckworth.)

This is the English edition of a work written in America in 1902. The publishers tell us that "as neither time nor care was spared on the preparation for its original appearance, no addition or alteration has been deemed necessary or advisable." The book is none the less three years out of date. Shakespearian scholarship has not been standing still. Even in 1902 this bulky volume cannot have been considered immaculate. It brings together much useful material; but the material is badly sifted. The introductory chapter on the main authorities for Shakespeare's life at once puts us on our guard. We have a repetition of the old story that the hand of Milton can be traced in the account of Shakespeare in Edward Phillips's "Theatrum Poeticum." We should have been told that there is absolutely no authority for the story; and we should have been given the correct title, "Theatrum Poetarum." Again, we read that "Pope, Johnson, and Steevens in the biographical sketches prefixed to their editions substantially repeated Rowe's matter." All Steevens's editions are confessedly founded on Johnson's, and Johnson, like Hanmer and Warburton, reprinted Rowe's biography verbatim in the condensed and amended form for which Pope is responsible. And the material, besides being badly sifted, is badly assimilated. Quotations from Halliwell-Phillipps, Coleridge, Mr. Dowden, Emerson, Elze, Verplanck, Mr. Sidney Lee—to name but a few—jostle each other. It is pleasant to find a biographer of Shakespeare who makes no attempt to conceal his debt to earlier writers, and especially to Halliwell-Phillipps. He has pride in scrupulously proclaiming it. But his exaggerated respect for the opinions and phraseology of others makes his book a collection of notes for a life of Shakespeare rather than a finished work. There is much to show how good the book might have been. In the first place the author is widely acquainted with the *older* literature of his subject. He has a talent for collecting, and he can state his case well. And, secondly, he is orthodox. In cases of controversy he is on the side of common sense. His well-balanced judgment gives much value to his examination of the traditions as to Shakespeare's youth, and of the vexed question of his marriage. The chapter on the sonnets—to our mind the best in the book—exposes the flaws in the ingenious theories, and has the great merit of not endeavouring to prove too much. But the book as a whole will not replace Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life," though it acts as a pleasant corrective and supplement.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

A somewhat unique volume on **Albert Durer** has been written by Mr. T. Sturge Moore (7s. 6d. net). It is one of a series of appreciative and informing books on artists and their works, but Mr. Moore has written his contribution to this series with a certain poetical touch, with a thoughtful discursiveness, yet with a true artist's appreciation and understanding of a true artist—a book more general, perhaps, than particular, but a book not to be neglected by Durer admirers. Many, and fine, and lesser-known pictures are here reproduced; and as a combination of illustration and writing the volume is unusually well adapted for revealing the inner mind of the artist as well as the power of his work.

In spite of the Americanese of the translation, the little Danish story, **The Child**, by Karin Michaëlis (3s. 6d.), is beautiful with that beauty of simplicity which is most rare in our English books. The child, Andrea, is fifteen, grown-up it seems, and dying. She is shrewd and vivacious, clear-sighted mentally, and capricious at times; but she is torn by love and grief, too, for her father and mother do not love one another, and she loves them both. After her death the husband and wife, reading the child's diary, are more drawn together. They are drawn by their loneliness and by the knowledge that their estrangement hurt Andrea so poignantly in her last days. The story is tender, and at times amusing with the odd, old-fashioned thoughts of the child.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A true love of Nature is evident on every page of Mr. E. Kay Robinson's latest volume, **The Country Day by Day** (6s.); for the man who has as much to say on the dark days of November and December as on the most bustling days of February and April, and can say it with equal enthusiasm, is the man whose eye and ear are trained to note Nature's secrets. Mr. Robinson, as far as the country is concerned, seems fairly catholic in his interests, but judging him by this volume, it would seem that birds and bird-life hold the first place in his affections. In a few words, too, he betrays the strength of his opinion in the matter of the slaughter of our wild birds. "But of what use is it to talk of British eagles, when every eaglet that foolishly wanders to our coasts is promptly welcomed with the shotgun of somebody with a ten-shilling licence?" etc. The book is a storehouse of varied small points of knowledge, a chronicle of mimic events, a calendar of little delights.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Man was becoming an extinct animal in the period which Miss F. E. Young has chosen for the beginning of her new story, **The War of the Sexes** (6s.). There were about four hundred and thirty men left when Great Britain took part in a big European war. After the war there was one man left, Geoffrey Sterndale, and he went home, misogynist that he was, to his laboratory and his study of parthenogenesis. Of the hazards and difficulties of *the* man in a world of women, Miss Young gives a lively description. Apparently no foreigner came to aid him in a true brotherly manner; one young lady offered to be a sister to him, indeed, and his housekeeper would have been a mother to him; but neither of these relationships could have ended satisfactorily. Without offering the kernel of the story here, we may reveal the facts that overwork, and a man-hater, explain the beginning and the end of an amusing and cleverly put together farrago.

The real love-story, the comparatively uneventful story of the troubles and the joys, the partings and the reconciliations of lovers, is seldom better told by anyone than by Curtis Yorke. This author's new noved, **Olive Kinsella** (6s.), is written in her own widely-welcome style. It is a story of two sisters, one beautiful, with masses of red-gold hair, the other more insignificant as to her features, but seemingly captivating as to her ways. They are left, orphaned, with a hundred and twenty pounds a year between them. It is not a big sum nor a large family, but Curtis Yorke makes both go a long way, and the story is pleasantly alluring as it moves along and quite satisfactory at its conclusion. It should be a first favourite at the libraries.

Mrs. L. T. Meade writes in two, quite distinct, styles; one results in the schoolgirl's story, the other in the "thriller." **Little Wife Hester** (6s.), in spite of its innocent-seeming title, is of the "thriller" family. "A well-made man of about five-and-forty," Dr. Greenhill by name, lived in Queen Street, West, among the noted specialists of London; and "there was no door which boasted of more carriages drawn up at its portals" than his. But Dr. Greenhill was a mesmerist, he had wonderful power, he murmurs to himself, "I have even gone the length of sending mesmerised gloves by post." Think of it! But patients begin to be rude to Dr. Greenhill; one uncivilly tells him by letter that he is a humbug, and that same morning an old patient comes and corners him for twenty thousand pounds, placed for charitable purposes in his hands some years before. The doctor rings this lady out as soon as possible—and then follows the story. With such a desperate mesmerist, any reader will be able to guess that there are striking incidents in it. At the end we find sorely-tried persons entering a period of peace, and not before they needed it.

The wicked peer and the mischief he plays in other lives is the theme of **Lord Eversleigh's Sins**, by Violet Tweedale (6s.). The authoress has grafted some modern characters and characteristics on to old and well-tried plot-properties, and has made a full and lively story, replete with incident, in which the innocent frequently suffer for the callous.

BICKERS AND SON.

The reader may well harbour some scepticism regarding another parody of Omar Khayyam. But it is really quite unfounded in the case of Mr. Oliver Herford's **Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten** (3s. 6d. net). The history of the sportive kitten is set forth in a series of delightful quatrains, each of which is accompanied by a full-page tinted illustration. Mr. Herford has nothing to learn about Persian kittens. He can draw them grave or gay, in wickedness or in repose; he can convey the sinuous grace of their movements and the wicked gleam in their eye. Text and illustrations together form an excellent piece of humour.

MESSRS. JARROLD AND SONS.

A most life-like narrative of everyday existence on the Yukon is told by Mr. Gustin Aish in **Outcasts from Choice** (3s. 6d.). It is a romance of Klondike's discovery, with the writer's actual knowledge of the country and its ways to aid him in obtaining a realistic effect. His miners are genuine flesh and blood, and not very often is their conversation beyond the understanding of the "gentle reader." The advent of a learned professor (who wishes to make personal observations for a treatise for the Smithsonian Institute) opens the story; his wife and wife's sister are the first white women to set foot in the Yukon Valley, and romance and adventure follow swiftly. The volume is entertaining, and a better idea of a miner's camp is gained from it than from many a more serious bit of history.

MR. GEORGE A. MORTON.

From spring to winter flowers and fruit may be grown by the uninitiated, if they will be guided by Mr. T. L. Richmond, F.R.H.S. Mr. Richmond, who is the garden editor of the *Queen*, gives full and practical advice, the outcome of long experience, in his volume on **Flowers and Fruit for the Home** (5s.). He starts on the comfortable supposition that the inquirer has everything to learn, and he tells him, or her, in about thirty chapters, what are the best things to grow in certain soils and situations, and how to set about it. From the early crocus to the winter shrub we may, it seems, have the humblest house and garden bright with flowers and, generally, rich in fruit. Such pretty and less usual decorations as water gardens and basket plants he devotes attention to also, and is generous in his information respecting new classes and specimens of plants. The volume is illustrated by most encouraging examples.

MR. JOHN LANE.

An uncommon heroine set in circumstances not uncommon, at any rate to the novelist, is a character which Miss Annie E. Holdsworth is always able to pourtray with ability. Janice Catesby, "of the laugh and the sad eyes," the central figure of **A New Paolo and Francesca** (6s.), may be at times a trifle over-touched and theatrical, but she is a distinctive heroine notwithstanding. Miss Holdsworth has not here succeeded in impressing us with the vital force of her tragedy as in, for instance, "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten"; but the story of Janice, who married the elder brother while loving the younger one who had come over the sea to fetch her, is picturesque and intense and poetical. The sea and the wind freshen the theme, and the scenery of Italy and of the Hebrides set it about with contrasting loveliness.

A book to wake up a languid reader and amuse him beyond midnight is **He en of Troy, N.Y.**, by Mr. Wilfrid S. Jackson (6s.). It is not by any means the thrilling narrative which raises the hair and quickens the pulses, but it is a rather improbable story of a half-serious disagreement, a meeting, a duel, and the unexpected results of all these, told in a cleverly probable style. The writing is crisp, attractive, and amusingly pungent at times. The plot is one which engages a number of interesting and vivacious young men and women in a number of unexpected situations and dilemmas. As a title, "Helen of Troy, N.Y." is excellent. The story which comes after is made to match.

Although perhaps one may venture to suggest that a fresher theme for a war novel would be the ranging of hero and heroine on the same side instead of always making them hot for opposing factions, the materials of Mr. F. B. Mott's story, **Before the Crisis** (6s.), are given a pretty air of freshness by his effective treatment. The period chosen is—as the title has it—"before the crisis" of the American war over the abolition of slavery. The story is a good one, strong in the vernacular, strong in situation, and strong in its cause. Abolition of slavery is a fine theme; the pity of it is that even an Abolition story such as this leaves a reader contrasting the genuine worth of these old-time negroes as described in it, and the general worthlessness of the product of the just measure so bravely fought for.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON.

A really charming gift book for a little girl is **To Fairyland on a Swing**, by Eulé (3s. 6d. net). In seventeen chapters the little girl Nono, who sits swinging in the sunshine, is taken to visit the fairies of the flowers in their own lands. In turn she sees and talks with the Violet Fairies, the Snowdrop Fairies, the Sweet-pea Fairies, the Thistle-down, Pansy, Columbine, Lily and Rose Fairies, and many others. The idea is extremely pretty and is prettily carried out. Different characteristics are given to the various blossoms, and here and there a veiled lesson is picturesquely impressed. Miss Alice Woodward's illustrations have much of the dainty grace of Mr. Charles Robinson's well-known designs in "A Child's Garden of Verses."

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

Heart of My Heart, by Ellis Meredith (6s.), is, in its way, an after-marriage love-story, with no especial plot or happening, but much emotion. It is a chronicle of the hopes and plans of a husband and wife before the birth of their first child, of his care for her, her thought for him, and their love for one another. It is written in the form of a diary, and diaries, as the writer admits, "lead to introspection if they are literary." That is it. There is here a little too much introspection, a touch too much sentiment. It is a fine line, if one may dare to say so, which lies between the

sacred and the ridiculous. The weak spot in such a publication as this, as in the volumes of so-called "Love-letters," lies in the fact that they are publications at all. When presented in print, at so many shillings a copy, the illusion is hard to keep.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

The young minister whose heart is torn between his calling and his love is always a hero with a sort of double attraction. It is generally a case of "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," and the reader is intensely interested to see how the man will get out of his difficulty and keep his love and his honour both—the happy termination always devoutly wished for by the normal reader. In **The Rebel Wooing,** by John A. Steuart (6s.), the situation is led up to and manipulated with slow care yet brisk effect. The characters are developed without hurry, but the events do not march too slowly. The author has done this somewhat difficult thing with success, and a bright, sympathetic story, with many a touch of dry humour, is the result.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has a wild and vigorous imagination, and in **For Satan's Sake** (6s.), which we take to be a first book, he has given it full sway. He begins his tale with the suicide of Paul Penruddock, who takes poison, and, after a vision-haunted death, becomes a spirit borne through space in the arms of an evil gray man to the domain of Diaphernes. The theme of the story is of the reincarnation of the man, whose name is now changed to Agonostes, and of his missions back to earth. Mr. O'Donnell follows him through vivid situation after vivid situation, temptation after temptation, his good nature fighting against his bad nature, his good angel, Sagatheela, who loves him, contending fiercely for his soul against the influence of Diaphernes. It is a book quick with fervid descriptions, fantastic in conception, grim at times. The author must guard against uncurbed word-painting, but his imagination treated with necessary restraint gives promise of better work in the future.

Reprints and New Editions.

Seventeen volumes of **The Muses Library** (1s. net each) have just been published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons. The poets represented range from John Donne to John Keats, and include Drummond, Carew, Vaughan, Marvell, Waller, Gay, Browne, and Coleridge. For an inexpensive, handy edition, "The Muses Library" is capitally planned; each volume contains a sufficient introduction by a capable writer, and is bound tastefully in serviceable blue linen.

Messrs. Blackie and Sons in their pretty Red Letter Library have just published a little volume of unusual freshness in the matter of reprints. This is **Carleton's Stories** (1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net), edited by Mr. Tighe Hopkins. Carleton's stories are almost unknown to the general reader, yet as vivid presentments of Irish life of a past period they are interesting and valuable, and well deserve the fresh lease of life which these publishers have given them in their present dainty form.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Company continue their series of Classic Novels with Smollett's **Humphry Clinker** in one volume (1s. 6d. net), with Cruikshank's illustrations. For its type and general appearance the series is to be sincerely commended; there is nothing like it at this modest price. And when, as they promise, these enterprising publishers add to their list the novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, Le Sage, etc., it will form an admirably representative collection of eighteenth century fiction.

New volumes in the "Handy" Illustrated Series of Pocket Novels come to us from Messrs. Collins, of Glasgow—Charles Reade's masterpiece, **The Cloister and the Hearth,** and the thrilling story, **No Name,** by Wilkie Collins, in which, to some extent, this author tried new methods, and tried them with undeniable success. The manner in which these little volumes are produced is admirable; either in cloth (1s. net) or in flexible crushed roan (2s. net) they are pleasing to look at, handle, and read from.

New Books of the Month.

JANUARY 10TH TO FEBRUARY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible, The Century. I. and II. Samuel. Edited by A. R. S. Kennedy, D.D. Job. Edited by A. S. Peake, M.A. 2s. 6d. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

CLARKE, ALLEN.—What is Man? Science and the Soul. The Daisy Series, 1, 2. 6d. net each ..... (C. W. Daniel)

DICKINSON, G. LOWES.—Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast, 1s. net ..... (Brimley Johnson)

GORE, CHARLES, D.D., D.C.L.—The Permanent Creed and the Christian Idea of Sin, 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

HERFORD, REV. BROOKE, D.D.—Anchors of the Soul. Biographical Sketch by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. 5s. net ..... (Philip Green)

LLOYD, WALTER.—A Theist's Apology, 1s. net (Philip Green)
Mr. Lloyd's small volume is a reply to agnosticism. He contends for all that is to be said on the other side, that our faith is a reasonable thing, that only where agnosticism ends does religion begin, and that a sense of the Divine Presence is the fountain of all that is best in man.

New Testament, the Twentieth Century. A Translation into Modern English. 2s. 6d. net ... (Horace Marshall and Son)

PORTER, MRS. HORACE.—The Secret of a Great Influence, 3s. net ..... (Macmillan)
By a series of chapters, which she calls "Notes," on the teaching of Bishop Westcott, Mrs. Porter endeavours to reveal the great influence which the Bishop had on his readers and his listeners. His power for good seems to have come from his great honesty and sincerity, his enthusiastic yet reverent belief in his message. A chapter on the "Commentaries," by the Rev. Arthur Westcott, is included in the volume, and gives a good picture of the more purely scholarly side of the Bishop's character.

PURVES, REV. DAVID, M.A.—The Life Everlasting, 4s. net (T. and T. Clark)

Royal Standard of God's United Kingdom, The, 3s. 6d. (Greening)

ROYCE, JOSIAH.—The Conception of Immortality, 2s. 6d. (Constable)

Wilberforce, The Message of Archdeacon. By a Member of St. John's, Westminster ..... (Philip Wellby)
In this booklet is set forth the broad, thoughtful teaching of the Archdeacon at Westminster. He appeals so specially to the men and women who are needing strength and truth rather than a definite creed that, as may be guessed, the tone of the "message" is one of tolerance.

WOOD, IRVING F., Ph.D.—The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

NEW EDITION.

GOMPERZ, THEODOR.—Greek Thinkers. A History of Ancient Philosophy. Vols. II., III. Translated by G. G. Berry, B.A. 14s. net ..... (John Murray)

FICTION.

AISH, GUSTIN.—Outcasts from Choice, 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)

ALLEN, W. BIRD.—Forty Fables for Fireside Reflection. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ..... (S. C. Brown, Langham)

APPLETON, G. W.—The Luck of Bella Barton, 6s. (Digby, Long)

ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—Eve—And the Law, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

BARNES-GRUNDY, MABEL.—The Vacillations of Hazel, 6s. (Arrowsmith)

BENSON, E. F.—An Act in a Backwater, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

BOURGET, PAUL.—Divorce, a Domestic Tragedy of Modern France. Translated from the French by E. L. Charlwood. 6s. ..... (David Nutt)

BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND.—Diane. Illustrated. 6s. (Heinemann)

BULFINCH, THOMAS.—The Age of Chivalry, 2s. 6d. net (Dean)

CAMPBELL, A. GODRIC.—Fleur-de-Camp, or a Daughter of France. 6s. ..... (Chatto)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Stolen Waters, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

COTTERELL, CONSTANCE.—The Virgin and the Scales. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

DIEHL, ALICE M.—The Temptation of Anthony, 6s. (John Long)
The woman who tempted Anthony (of course it was a woman) was named, properly enough, Eve, and her own troubles had been greater than she could bear. Unfortunately for the poor creatures, Eve had a husband, and Anthony was vowed to celibacy. The heart-searchings which were the inevitable result are very graphically described by Miss Diehl, who weaves the woes of her modern Anthony into a dramatic tale of worldliness and religion.

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Secret of Wold Hall, 6s. (Hutchinson)

FITZPATRICK, KATHLEEN.—The Weans at Rowallan, 6s. (Methuen)

FORBES, LADY HELEN.—The Provincials, 6s. ..... (John Long)

FORESTIER-WALKER, CLARENCE.—The Doll's Dance, 6s. (Digby, Long)

FORSTER, K. H.—Strained Allegiance, 6s. ..... (John Long)

HOCKING, SALOME.—Belinda the Backward, 2s. nett (A. C. Fifield)

ILES, SYBIL M.—The School of Life, 6s. ..... (Elliot Stock)

ISHAM, FEDERIC S.—The Strollers, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—The Fate of Felix, 6s. (John Long)

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